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With Kindest regards

FIVE MONTHS' FINE WEATHER

IN CANADA, WESTERN U.S., AND MEXICO

BY

MRS. E. H. CARBUTT

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On Saturday morning, 11th August, 1888, after a wonderfully quick passage, we found ourselves so close to New York, that we were almost certain to land in the evening, and, with the exception of a solitary croaker, who had prophesied misfortunes of all kinds ever since we left Queenstown, all the passengers packed their trunks, put on their best clothes, and prepared joyfully for land. However, the croaker was right this time. As we were sitting on deck after lunch, suddenly there was a horrible noise, and we were covered with soot and steam. The spindle to the high-pressure cylinder valve had broken inside the crossheads!

One's first idea was naturally that the poor fellows in the engine-room must be terribly scalded and knocked about, but happily no one was injured. That fear relieved, we could feel the bitter disappointment of the delay. Not only must we spend another dreary night in the stuffy cabins, but no doubt we should lose the race we were running with the new much vaunted *City of New York*, and anyhow, we had lost the glory of making the fastest passage on record.

A beautiful French steamer of the Transatlantique line passed and jeeringly offered to tow us in. Next day we saw with great satisfaction that she had not arrived in time to land her passengers in the evening, and when we learnt that the *City of New York* had done very badly, we felt almost consoled; but it was a very dull afternoon. A canary flew out from New York to welcome us, and a big fish swam about close to the ship for a long time, some said it was a shark, and some said it was a sturgeon.

The engines were got to work again after four hours' delay, and the run after dark was very interesting as we passed the immense hotels and tea-gardens in Coney Island and other favourite resorts, flaring with gas and electric lights. An American charged us strictly not to omit visiting West Brighton in the morning, when we should see "hundreds of thousands of men, women, children, cats, dogs, and other living creatures all bathing together." The Elephant Hotel was just distinguishable by its curious shape.

We stopped outside Sandy Hook for the night, and next morning at six o'clock we were all up, dressed, and breakfasting, eager to see the new world.

The harbour of New York is exceedingly pretty; the *Umbria* seemed to be going all the way to the hotel, we passed so far up the river. The statue of "Liberty," by Bertholdi, is very effective, the position is so fine, facing down the harbour as if welcoming the new comers. I suppose the design was not taken from the frontispiece of *Truth*, but it looks very like it—the lines are too

straight, and the pedestal too large and heavy. The saying current at the time of its presentation to America by the French nation came to one's mind: "All the liberty France ever had she gave to America."

Immediately after breakfast, the Custom's officer came on board, and took up his position in the dining-saloon. Everybody had to pass before him and sign a declaration he had nothing liable to duty. I noted that one gentleman declared two bottles of whisky and 150 cigars, and was allowed to take them in free. The whole business of disembarking was very wearisome, not the less so because of the heavy rain that fell all the morning. However, we were agreeably surprised with the Custom's House. We had been told over and over again that the officers were rude and rough, and did their best to annoy the traveller, often upsetting all his goods on to the ground, and leaving him to re-pack as best he might; while ladies spoke of heavy charges on old clothes, on the pretext that they were new. It used to be the rule to bribe the officials, but new men had been lately appointed on purpose to stop it, and should any one offer a bribe to one of these, the consequences would be serious. We had made up our mind not to bribe, as a few hours' delay at the docks would be better than a few weeks in New York, should we hit upon the wrong man.

When, after weary waiting, our turn came, we found a very gentlemanly, quiet-mannered person, who did not look in the least bribable. He examined everything most minutely, opening with special interest any

parcel, such as a bit of needlework or a few gloves wrapped in paper, even looking into a tiny parcel containing net for veils, which could have hardly covered any contraband goods; but whatever he touched he replaced, and at the end, he kindly helped us to lock up and strap our trunks. Of course the journey before us did not require new clothes or finery of any kind.

There is one point I was never able to clear up, as everybody told a different tale, viz.: do diamonds pay duty when unquestionably private property? I was particularly asked what I had, but I had absolutely none, not even a ring. Some ladies put on their jewellery under their cloaks, and I noticed a gentleman with a magnificent solitaire in his rough tie, the only diamond out of place that caught my eye in America, where I was told everybody wore them all day long. A few years ago a gentleman I knew took over one brooch, and had to pay 170 dollars duty, although it was for a present; but lately an American dealer is said to have passed a quantity free, simply by taking the precaution of having a monogram stamped on each case, which was taken to show private ownership.

I saw a Custom's officer unfasten and examine a few sticks and umbrellas tied together, perhaps six in all, and another furious at having to spend the morning finding out the exact sum a lady had to pay on two fans she had brought from Paris to give to her daughters.

At last we were free, and got into a landau, which is probably the oldest article in America, so dilapidated was it; windows shattered, doors broken, lamps gone,

and lining in tatters. The New York roads were worthy of it, such holes, such bumping, and thumping, and shaking. We arrived at the Windsor Hotel about 10.30 a.m.

It must be to this landing on Sunday that is owing the wonderful luck that attended us through our journey. We had almost perpetual fine weather, and where storms did occur, they always seemed to be arranged for our advantage, as the heavy rain at Montreal, which filled the Lachine Rapids and the Montmorenci Falls, near Quebec, and the snowstorm which delayed the Denver and Rio Grande train just long enough to enable us to enjoy the whole of the grand scenery in full daylight.

After Edward had gone round presenting some letters of introduction, and making arrangements for our onward progress, he returned to the hotel for me, and we spent the short time we had in New York in seeing as much as we could. We went first to the top of the tower of the Produce Market, fourteen stories high. Of course there is an elevator. The view is glorious—all New York, the harbour, the statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn Bridge, the two rivers, everything is visible from this tower, and New York looks far better from there than from the level.

The streets are dirty and badly paved, the shops have no smart appearance, the elevated railway is unsightly, and the whole place covered with telegraph and telephone wires, just like great cobwebs, except for the rough poles at every corner leaning all ways, so that

one feels disappointed with New York, except as seen from the tower. Of course I only speak of the first impression. There are some very fine buildings in the commercial part of the city, and some handsome churches, but the whole effect is shabby—the elevated railroad is a hideous disfigurement; it is built down the middle of the street, mostly on trestles or columns, so that cinders from the engine, or anything dropping from the trains may fall on to the heads of the passengers below.

New York "licks creation" in hotels. The Windsor Hotel far surpasses any I know in Europe, for the comfort and elegance of the apartments, the luxury of the table and, what is very rare in America, the quick service. The universal weak point is the washing apparatus. Of course it is not always possible to secure a room with a bath, and then the arrangement of the tiny basin with the two taps over it is maddening. One keeps knocking one's head against the taps, and any incautious movement of the sponge catches the chain which holds the plug, and all the water disappears. The theory of hot water conveyed to every room is delightful, but in practice one generally has to let both taps run for half an hour before one discovers which is the hot water tap.

We found acceptable accommodation all over the States and Canada with hardly any exceptions, that is, good according to the American style, clean, comfortable bedrooms, and meals better than one could expect in towns only a few years old. The service always bad,

and the hotel people always disobliging. The meals are at stated hours, and while it is impossible to get breakfast at the early hour promised, it is equally impossible to get dinner a moment after the fixed time. The cook goes home, and the manager himself cannot keep him. I often wondered what an invalid would do in an American hotel. What we most disliked was the waste of time at meals. When we had examined the lengthy *menu*, and chosen our food, we had to wait half an hour until it was cooked. Then everything came on together, and was piled around us. My soup, fish, meat, potato, everything on its tiny dish, in a circle round the one plate that was meant to serve for the whole dinner, and Edward's portion in tiny dishes round his plate. Of course things got cold.

The great want in American hotels which is much felt by Europeans is the omniscient porter of continental Europe, or the friendly landlord of English inns. The guide-books are very poor things, the waiters are generally strangers, so there is no means of obtaining information. The American landlord is rarely seen; we saw him occasionally, and found him a curious creature. He is delighted to discuss the weather or politics with you, but if you ask a question as to how best to visit the neighbourhood or the price of carriages or anything connected with his business, his dignity is up in arms at once. He considers himself a gentleman, and you want to treat him as if he were a hireling. As for the clerks at the hotel offices, they are proverbial for impertinence even in America.

The following is a specimen of their manners. Our linen had returned from the laundress, and an important piece was missing, so Edward went to the office and asked the clerk to make inquiry. "You must have counted wrong," said the clerk; "nobody wants your things." This was in one of the best and oldest established hotels in the States.

Tuesday, August 14th.—We went on board the Hudson River steamer at 9 a.m. for Albany. We would gladly have rested and seen a little more of New York, but everybody said we must reach the Yellowstone Park not later than the beginning of September, and we had much to do before then.

On going on board, we deposited our hand-baggage in a parcel office in the steamer. Hand-baggage is a very important article on America, for you are never sure when you will see your trunks again. The first lesson the traveller learns is that he is the last person whose convenience is to be considered. If the station-master or the carrier does not feel inclined to worry about the luggage that evening, though it may cause you to lose your train next day, there is nothing to be done. So it is wise always to have a few things in a "grip," which is the American for hand-bag, and as there are no porters at the stations, you have to carry it yourself, so you must not have it heavy. The steamer was very large and luxurious, with comfortable seats, and we had a lovely day on the river, which is very wide and beautiful in its way, but not the least like the Rhine, as New Yorkers fondly imagine. The size of

the river is impressive, the handsome residences near the city look very attractive, further on the Palisades are both curious and beautiful, then come the pretty towns nestling at the foot of the cliffs, and the Catskill mountains in the background.

An excellent lunch made us still more contented. It was our first experience of negro waiters, who are better than any others when well trained. They move about as quietly and as gracefully as cats. Some of the large establishments must choose them for their looks, as I never saw a good-looking negro anywhere else. One or two of the waiters on the steamer were splendid men with no trace of negro features except their skins, which were black as coal, and seemed to have been beautifully polished. They really look as if they blacked themselves like boots instead of washing, the gloss on them was so bright. White and black men are never seen working together as waiters, either all are negros or all white. At the conclusion of our meal, we tipped our waiter, who evidently did not expect anything, and some Americans at the same table reproved us for so doing, but everywhere else we found the waiters as anxious for tips as any German, and the bell-boys especially tiresome. The bell-boy is a functionary whose duty it is to answer the bells and transmit the orders to the waiter, chambermaid, or whatever servant's service you require.

It may prove useful to some if I give the result of our experience. It is no good tipping any one unless the traveller means to make some stay in an hotel;

Then he should tip the head waiter to give him the same seat at every meal. After that, he must square the waiter in charge of his table. Table d'hôte is always served at tables accommodating from four to ten people. In that way he will secure attention, and earlier comers will be kept waiting until he is served.

We arrived at Albany at 6.10 p.m., and took the train at once to Saratoga, where we arrived at 8 o'clock, and walked across the street from the station to the monster United States Hotel just opposite. It is built round a large garden, and contains 916 rooms. We expected to see great magnificence of dress and extravagance generally, and were disappointed to see a very common, dull-looking set of people. The principal beaux of the place seemed to be the hotel clerks. As we left very early next morning, we saw nothing more of the place except the pretty main street with its big trees. Our small bedroom, with bath, on the fourth storey, tea, and breakfast, cost ten dollars.

Wednesday, August 15th, was a hard day. We left Saratoga at 8.20 a.m., and arrived at Caldwell, on Lake George, about 9. We did not leave Caldwell until past 10 o'clock, instead of 9.40, and were, in consequence, late all day. We spent four hours zigzagging from side to side of Lake George, landing one passenger here, and taking off another there, sometimes crossing the lake only to deliver a case of mineral waters. Saratoga was a dreary-looking pleasure-resort, but Lake George is charming. The English element in the American character has discovered this healthy out-

door fashion of holiday making. The lake is full of little islands, and on them and on the side of the lake, people camp out in tents, regardless of mosquitoes, do for themselves with the help of canned foods of all kinds, and spend the summer days boating, playing tennis, fishing, flirting, and generally enjoying themselves. At some points there were small, rough hotels, and at every landing there was a merry crowd greeting the coming and speeding the parting guests, and shouting jokes as long as the steamer was within hail.

Unfortunately, the scenery, though pretty, is monotonous, and we were very glad when we got to the end and took the train to Fort Ticonderaga, where we joined the steamer for Plattsburgh. Lake Champlain is more beautiful, as well as much larger than Lake George. The shores are sometimes flat and cultivated, sometimes rocky and hilly, but always there are the beautiful Adirondack mountains in the distance. The weather was changeable and threatening, which improved the scenery by the lovely variations of colour and cloud effects.

Both steamers were very comfortable. We had no time for supper at Plattsburgh, where we took the train again and arrived at Montreal about 11 p.m., after a shaky run, very tired and thirsty. The customs' examination at the Canadian frontier was nothing.

The Windsor Hotel at Montreal is large and handsome, with good rooms, but wretched food and service. It faces on to the square and the new Roman Catholic cathedral built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome.

It rained incessantly the two days we were in Montreal, with occasional thunderstorms, so that, but for the great kindness of our fellow-traveller on the *Umbria*, Sir Donald Smith, we should have seen nothing of the place; but he sent his brougham, notwithstanding the deluge, to take us round the town and the favourite Montreal recreation-grounds, the cemeteries, which are certainly unusually large and elegant. The drive is called "Around the Mountain," and most of it was through the Protestant cemetery. The driver regretted we did not allow him to take us through the Roman Catholic cemetery, which, he said, was much larger, but we had seen as many tombstones as we cared for. At last we reached the view which, even in the rain, was very fine—all Montreal, with the big Victoria Bridge, and as far away over the plains as the mist and clouds would permit.

Sir Donald also asked us to dine with him at no less than 1157, Dorchester Street, where he has built a beautiful house, fitted up with American woods which ought to be better known here, the colours are so pleasing. Sir Donald showed us his magnificent picture-gallery, where he has a fine Turner, a Millais, a Boughton, two large M'Whirters, and many very valuable old masters. But his great pride is his matchless collection of ancient Japanese porcelain and curios, of which we only saw a few, as they were not yet arranged. The collection was formed by an Englishman who lived many years in Japan. He died recently, and his wife would only sell the collection as a whole, and, though many had the will,

only Sir Donald had the power to buy such a prize; and still people have been heard to say that wealth does not add to one's happiness!

Next day we drove in pouring rain, still enjoying Sir Donald's brougham, to Lachine, but while we waited for the steamer, the rain cleared off, and we had a splendid run down the rapids, which are curious, but not so exciting as we expected from the picture on the advertisement, which represents a Red Indian pilot in full war-paint steering through rocks which barely afford room for the steamer to go through them, while billows mountains high threaten to overwhelm her. Now there was no Indian pilot, no billows to speak of, and apparently no particular danger to any one who knew the road.

On reaching Montreal, we were transferred to the comfortable s.s. *Quebec*, and started at once for that city. The scenery looked very lovely in the gorgeous sunset, and in the bright starlight night. We met a Montreal acquaintance on board, who said, as every one says, that the French element in Eastern Canada grows stronger daily. The employers of labour have much difficulty with the French workpeople, who are Roman Catholics, and keep too many religious holidays. We noticed that everybody in the streets seemed to be speaking French, and several men we spoke to could not understand English.

Saturday, August 18th.—Up at 5.30 to see the fine approach to Quebec, which is called Kébec by the natives. It was a splendid day, with baking sunshine

and a refreshing breeze. The town is on a steep cliff, with steps for streets. We ascended in an elevator, and after rushing first to Dufferin Terrace, which overhangs the St. Lawrence river, for the view, we went to the St. Louis Hotel for breakfast, and then took a carriage and drove the round of the sights of Quebec. The roads are equal to those of New York and Montreal, that is, they are disgraceful. First we went to the Citadel, where we found Lord Stanley taking his morning walk on the terrace, which is said to have the finest view in America. I should say from our experience it is the only one of its kind—so peaceful and civilized. It is very lovely; but it is a great thing to say that it is the most lovely in the land of the Yosemite and Niagara.

Lord Stanley was amused at my disappointment on finding Canada so French. He thinks that the French element is overpowering the English in the eastern provinces, but that it is because the English go west, where there are better opportunities for men of energy. He thinks the trade of the country is not diminishing, but is changing. From the Citadel we drove to the Plains of Abraham, passing the beautiful new Parliament buildings and many splendid Roman Catholic churches by the way. There is nothing to see at the Plains of Abraham, except a cricket-ground, a jail, and a wretched monument to Wolfe, so we hurried away over some queer roads and down break-neck hills, through the town, and along a good country road to the falls of Montmorency, which are ninety feet higher than Niagara. There is a steep staircase, or rather, series of

ladders, down the cliffs opposite the falls. I struggled down to the first landing-place, whence I could see the rainbows on the spray. Edward went to the bottom to look up at the falls. There is nothing in Europe to equal them. There was abundance of water, owing to the recent heavy rains, but occasionally there is hardly any. Some ladies told me they had seen them almost dry. It was lucky I spoke to these ladies, for they told us to be sure to visit the Natural Steps. The drivers always try to avoid the extra journey, and assure the unwary that there is nothing worth seeing. Our driver was very loath to take us, but we insisted on going there, and were well rewarded, though there was a long, rough walk and a steep scramble through a wood to get to the Steps, which reminded us of the Strid at Bolton, but magnified and glorified. The stream flows through a rocky gorge, and its bed really is a succession of long steps. It is a brown stream, and appears to be full of gold dust, which turned out on examination to be sawdust from timber cutting up-stream. Such is the effect of sunshine. After rambling about for some time, we went back to the Point Levis Station, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and took train back to Montreal, where we supped at the hotel, and then went back to the station, expecting to get at once into our sleeping-berths, which had been engaged beforehand, in the Montreal Pulman car. We found that some one else had got them. Of course he had not bribed the conductor—all conductors are immaculate—but we had to tramp about the station for more than an hour until

the train came in with the Boston car, where happily we got two lower berths, and made our first night's journey in a Pulman sleeping-car—not much sleep, so we were not sorry to be turned out at Kingston Junction at 5.30 a.m., but we were horrified to find that there was no boat ready to take us to the Thousand Islands, and no breakfast to be had. We had a short train journey to Kingston itself, where we roamed about in a famishing condition until the official who sells the steamer tickets took pity on us, and gave us some of the coffee he keeps for the workmen, for he is a temperance worker, and wisely gave the men coffee to keep them off beer. A man had carried our rugs, &c., to the boat, and as Edward was asking the ticket-seller what he ought to give him for it, a voice in the background called out, "Give him what you'd give him in Yorkshire; you come from Leeds or thereabouts, I know." We turned, and saw a stout party, who said he came from Bradford, but unfortunately he took another boat, and so we saw him no more. It was not an interesting journey until we reached the islands in about an hour and a half. After that, it was very pretty, but monotonous. The islands are of all sizes, from tiny rocks to quite important islands with several large houses and parks, still far too small for sport of any kind; and as the river is rather dangerous for boating, with occasional rapids, it must be very monotonous living on an island. We arrived at Alexandria Bay about noon, and took up our quarters at the Thousand Islands House, a very good hotel, where there were some very fine men among

the black servants. One, I think, was the handsomest man I ever saw; he was very tall and splendidly proportioned, had perfectly regular features, and was as black as night. I should have liked to bring that man home for a footman, but probably English servants would not like to have a negro among them. No American ever sits down to meat with a coloured man. At the railway dining-rooms there is a separate table for the black men, and if there are any Chinese, there is another table for them. The conductors generally sit among the passengers, who would be thought absurdly arrogant if they objected. I should often have preferred our coloured brethren, for the railway conductor, though sometimes extremely kind and pleasant, is often insolent. I took the address of the head waiter at the Thousand Islands House, meaning to visit his shop in New York. He was a wonderful manager. I never saw such perfection of waiting as at this hotel. He gave directions by signs, and the rapidity and graceful movements of these waiters were charming. They carried heavily-laden trays on one hand high above their heads. I watched with great interest, expecting to see collisions between going and coming waiters, but everything went as smoothly as if by clockwork. I never saw a black woman-servant, except once, in the whole of our journey. After dinner, Edward took a boat, and went to present his letter of introduction to Mr. Pulman, who lives close by, in a house costing 50,000 dollars, which he has built on an island he bought for 40 dollars twenty-five years ago, before fashion had discovered the Thousand

Islands. He kindly showed Edward over his house, and gave him a letter to his firm at Pulman Town, where his works are.

Monday, August 20th.—We were called at six, and started by the 8 o'clock steamer for Gananoque. We found afterwards that there were two other boats later in the morning, but all the hotel people assured us the 8 o'clock was the only boat. We had to wait five hours at Gananoque, with nothing to do but eat a bad dinner and watch some magnificent butterflies, and crickets, that looked like butterflies when flying. I heard afterwards these were katydids. They make a loud noise when flying. At last the steamer called for us and took us back to Kingston by the other side of the river. At one stopping-place, where there was an enormous hotel, we saw a little boat containing two people, completely overturned by the wind suddenly catching the sail. Of course there was a rush of other boats to the rescue, but they were barely in time. I should not like to stay here, it seems as if such accidents must be frequent. There is a strong main current and numbers of cross currents and windy corners, and everybody does without professional help. We took the boat train to Kingston-junction, and the 3.32 train to Toronto, where we arrived at 10.45 p.m., and found a comfortable room at the Queen's Hotel. Next day we walked and trammed round Toronto, which is a very handsome, prosperous town. We sought diligently for the magnificent parliament buildings, whose photograph was in every shop window, and only discovered late in

the day that they were not yet built. We took the 5 o'clock train, arriving at Niagara about 8.15, and took the bus to Clifton House Hotel, on the Canadian side, a long way from the station, and directly opposite the falls. I shut my eyes all the time we were driving, not to catch any glimpse of them on the way, as I wanted to see the full glory at once. I do not know why Niagara should be more to me than any other fine sight, but so it was. I do not think a glimpse of Paradise would fill me with greater awe and enthusiasm, and still it kept recurring to me how many people had said the first sight of Niagara disappointed them. I have heard many say so. When at last I saw it shining in the brilliant moonlight, the whole extent visible from our bedroom balcony, I felt that nothing mortal could equal the glory of it, the loveliness and the power, and the fulness of content it seems to put into one's heart. Here at last is something without weakness or failing, perfectly beautiful, resistlessly strong, the roar of the waters musical and satisfying. It was delicious to wake in the night and hear the roar.

In the morning we took a carriage and drove first to the rapids, admiring the Cantilever Bridge on the way. The immediate vicinity of the falls, both on the American and the Canadian side is public property, but below the bridge everything is enclosed, and has to be paid for.

A rather dangerous-looking elevator takes one down to the rapids, where there is a long promenade close to the water. This is the place where poor Captain Webb

was last seen alive. The pace is tremendous, and the big waves, or rather upheavals of water, stand far above the general level. It is a marvellous sight!

From the rapids we drove over the Suspension Bridge to the whirlpool. We ought to have seen this from the Canadian side, but our driver had different interests from ours, so he took us to the American side, where there is no elevator, and we had a dreadful pull down and up the 180 steps. The whirlpool, from that side, is decidedly disappointing. Then we drove to the top of the American Falls, where everything has been done to assist visitors. Railings have been put close to the edge, so that one can lean quite over the falls, and looks through the lovely green water and watch it take its great leap.

Our great adventure was passing through the Cave of the Winds. First we had to take off all our own clothes and put on special flannel suits and macintosh hoods, long jackets and trousers, and rough boots and stockings, both alike, so that we were comical-looking objects. Then we went down a long winding staircase in a tower to the foot of the falls. From here a guide led us and two gentlemen along wooden platforms and up and down little stairs, scrambling over rocks, drenched by spray and mixed up with rainbows, making desperate efforts all the while to look at the immense falls which were thundering in our ears. At last we got round to the other side of the first part of the falls, of course comparatively a small part, but bigger than all the Swiss wasserfalls put together.

Then comes the tug of war! the guide disappears behind the water, and you dash in after him and find yourself scrambling along the side of the rock, no path, no rope, nothing but a little ledge up and down anyhow. It is impossible to see, or hear, or even breathe, for the spray and wind and noise of the cataract which thunders past close to your head, and you cannot stop to admire for fear your breath will not hold out. I was quite happy, but then I had the assistance of the guide. Poor Edward was dreadfully upset. About half-way through, there is a drop of about three feet or more, and when he saw me go down this, he thought I had gone for good. He could not get his breath for some time after we came out.

We heard afterwards that this really is a very dangerous adventure, and many lives have been lost. A lady fell last year, and was never seen again. It was supposed she was jammed amongst the rocks at the foot of the falls, but these accidents are not put into the newspapers to frighten people and spoil trade. It is certainly quite unfit for any one with the slightest weakness of the heart, lungs, or nerves, but for strong people it is a queer experience well worth the trouble, and reminded me of the delightful sensation out hunting when one faces a fence one is not quite sure one will get over.

From the cave we drove to the Three Sisters Islands to see the rapids above the falls, and then through Prospect Park, and over the other Suspension Bridge back to the hotel.

After early dinner, we walked along the Canadian side to Prospect Point, where Table Rock formerly stood, and where was the old Cave of the Winds, associated with Professor Tyndal's name. Here there was no cataract to pass under, and come out the other side, but a kind of path under the main fall, and each person went as far as his powers allowed, Professor Tyndal going further than any one else. Now only a short piece of the beginning of the path remains. We went down to it by the elevator, and walked most of the way, when to our amazement we saw some gentlemen in complete macintosh suits solemnly do the five or six yards good path with a little spray falling over them, evidently thinking they were accomplishing the same feat as Professor Tyndal.

Of course we paid our respects to Mrs. Webb, and bought a large photograph from her.

I wish to say that there is not a single objectionable advertisement near Niagara, as one so often sees described in books. They swarm in fitting places, but we did not see one that marred the scenery, either at Niagara or anywhere else in America. Another note is that the Clifton House Hotel and the Queen's Hotel, in Toronto, are almost the only hotels in America where salt-spoons are found.

Thursday, August 23rd.—We walked to Prospect Park, on the American side, and went down by the elevator to the steamer, which goesclose to the American Falls, and as near as it can get to the Horse-Shoe Fall.

Not only does this give one a better idea of the height of the falls, but it enables one to see the curious break in the middle of the Horse-Shoe Fall. Part of the rock has fallen since our visit, enlarging this break. The steamer approaches the Horse-Shoe Fall twice, and when it reaches a certain point, the water takes hold of it and swings it round. We landed on the Canadian side, and while walking along the cliff, met a fellow-passenger on the *Umbria*, who expressed himself much disappointed with Niagara.

All through our journey we kept meeting "Umbrians."

After dining early, we took the train to Chicago. It had to come from New York, and was two hours late, so we did not start until 4.45. We had a row with the hotel porter and the United States customs' officer, who was so angry because he was not tipped, that he deliberately smashed my box. After turning over everything, he found the photograph of Niagara, which he declared was dutiable, being "a picture," but he had no time to inquire how much we must pay, so the baggage could not be put in the Chicago van, but must be examined at Port Huron about 1 a.m. After we got to our carriage, the hotel porter followed us, and offered to get the trunks put in the through van if we would give him a quarter. We declined to do business with him, so we had to pass them at Port Huron, which was no misfortune, as we saw the train put on to the enormous ferry-boat to cross the river. We had nothing to pay on the photograph after all.

We got tea that evening very comfortably on a Pulman dining-car.

Tea is generally pretty good, except that one sometimes gets preserved milk, but dinner is not to be commended. Perhaps one would be less critical were it not for the expectations raised by the advertisements. Whose mouth would not water at the prospect of a meal "combining all the delicacies of the Atlantic and the Pacific, with the game and fruit of the countries passed through." This is the modest description given by the Northern Pacific Railroad of its Pulman dining-car fare.

One does not sleep well in a Pulman car. There is a peculiar smell, and it is very like being in one's coffin. No wonder there is a smell about the bedding, for it is never aired. As soon as the passenger rises, the porter comes to do up the bed and turn it back into seats. He takes away the linen, but the blankets and mattresses are shut up inside the berth at once until next night. In the daytime the cars are delightful. We took the drawing-room on this journey. This is a little snuggery cut off the rest of the car, with its own washing apparatus. It is very comfortable, but only having windows on one side, it is not so convenient for seeing the country, so we did not take it again.

As usual, we were hours late, and only arrived in Chicago at 12.40 p.m. The country passed through was very uninteresting and poor-looking, much of it still uncultivated. Chicago is a wonderful place, with magnificent buildings of a massive style of architecture,

as if they were expected to stand a siege. Pulman's offices are one of the finest, but many far surpass anything of the kind here, for they are only private commercial buildings, and still they are built regardless of expense with blocks of granite often ten feet square at least. The public buildings are very fine too, but the roads are the same as usual, only dirtier, and the place is smothered in smoke. The whole town is built on a swamp, and has been raised eleven feet above the original surface, so there is naturally great difficulty with the drainage. We admired Chicago very much; it is not only fine, but it is characteristic of its inhabitants, and copies no European city.

The Palmer House Hotel is very dirty and uncomfortable. Charges very high. I had my breakfast brought to my room one morning, and the extra charge for the service of bringing it was one dollar! The Richelieu Hotel is said to be excellent.

We spent our first afternoon in a general survey, and took the cable car to Lincoln Park, the new promenade along the shore of Lake Michigan. The road there goes through a tunnel under the river lighted by electricity. The tramcars here are run like trains, several together, at a great speed, and everybody must get out of their way. I saw a policeman seize the horse in a private carriage, and force it out of the way of an approaching car, as if the whole place belonged to the tram company. The American policeman has no nonsense about him; he would and does make short work of any troublesome people. He carries not the sword in vain.

On our return to the hotel we found an immense crowd awaiting the arrival of Mr. Thurman, the Democratic candidate for the office of Vice-President. Another crowd came with him and filled the enormous hall of the hotel—there must have been over 1000 inside the hotel. Judge Thurman is a sweet-looking gentleman, but seemed far too old for public life, at least for electioneering. He was very tired, and refused to speak a word for a long time, but the crowd would not be appeased, so at last he came forward and said in a low voice that he "guessed he saw Democrats before him, and if Democrats, they were reasonable people, and when he told them he had travelled three hundred miles, and made nine little speeches, they would not expect a speech to-night, as he heard a few people were coming to hear him speak to-morrow, and he wanted to save his voice and strength till then." A lady spiritualist was waiting to present him with an address and a picture representing a prophetic vision she had had concerning him. It was very indistinct, but seemed full of angels, and an enthusiastic politician rushed about all the time thrusting into everybody's hand cards with a picture of the Democratic leaders, and the inscription, Vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and buy your carpets at the City of Paris Store, 138, State Street.

Next day Judge Thurman had an outdoor meeting of about thirty thousand, but we could not attend, for Edward went off to see Mr. Armour's stock-killing establishment, five miles out by train. He did not see

the oxen led from one pen to another by the trained decoy ox, but saw the old fellow standing there having accomplished his work of treachery. He is a great pet of all the men. Edward saw both oxen and pigs killed and cut up. The cleverest thing is the contrivance for fetching the hair off the pigs by revolving discs with sharp flat springs. He saw the sausage-making, the potting and sealing of the canned beef, and the refrigerating chambers and cars, which are kept at a temperature of 36 degrees. The cars are double, the inner one being protected by the air space between it and the outer car, and only the ends are filled up with ice. Edward was astonished to see how dirty the surroundings were. The places where the work is actually done were very clean, but outside that, all was careless and slovenly. Armour employs 5000 to 6000 men, and kills one and a quarter million hogs a year, besides 500,000 cattle, and 100,000 sheep.

On his return, Edward called at Mr. Armour's office. The clerk glanced at the clock, and said: "Mr. Armour is away at lunch, he will be here in a minute and a quarter," and he was. He spends his life in that office; early in the morning and up to any time of night that there is any business to do. It is hardly worth while being a millionaire in Chicago. The clerks arrive at 8 a.m., have three-quarters of an hour for dinner, and remain always until six, and later if required, and until three on Saturdays. Mr. Armour is very kind to his people, and works harder than they do. He told Edward that now he had found employment for all former waste

products. He made glue, oil, grease, &c.; the most valuable bit of an ox, his leg bone, is sold for knife-handles. He seized Edward's coat. "Why," said he, "these buttons are made of dried blood." He has a secret process of making for 40 cents (1*s.* 8*d.*) a pound the isinglass used for clarifying beer, formerly brought from Russia at three dollars (12*s.* 6*d.*) a pound. Everything not otherwise utilized is made into "fertilizers," *i.e.* manure.

After dinner, which is early here, Mr. Armour sent one of his clerks with his carriage to take us to see his grain elevator. We had a horrible drive to it through clouds of black dust and a multitude of evil smells. The grain elevator is situated on the side of the river, as much grain is brought to it by boat and transferred to the railway cars. There is storage-room for 2,250,000 bushels (of sixty pounds). The building is 155 feet high, and 550 long by 112 wide, and contains four tracks, on each of which twelve cars can stand while the grain is poured into them from above. The engine which works the twenty-eight elevators is of 1500 horse-power, and each elevator carries 7000 bushels an hour. First, we saw the grain shovelled out of the cars by large scoops, two men with scoops in each car. It looks like ploughing; these men hold down the scoops, and a rope fastened to an engine outside pulls them along. They empty an immense waggon in seven minutes. Then we saw the "Jacob's ladder" bands with buckets, which run over pulleys at 570 feet a minute to convey the grain to the top to be weighed

and poured into the ships or cars ready to take it away, or if for storage, into enormous bins 75 feet deep, and 12 feet square. What pleased me most were the splendid views of Chicago from the top windows of the immense pile. Though it was past 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, the men were still working, and the foreman came to ask our conductor if he should begin to empty another lot of waggons that evening. After leaving the elevator, our young friend drove us round the town, first down Dearborn Avenue, the property of Mr. Palmer, the hotel owner. It was a swamp when he bought it, but he made a sea wall to the lake with a fine promenade, and reclaimed the land, built himself a splendid mansion, gorgeously decorated, and then sold off the other land at prices which paid for everything. We saw numbers of fine houses, and our guide kept saying, "You see that large house? the owner built that out of one speculation," or "that man found a mine out west, and built that house out of it," &c. Money seems to be made here quickly, but not easily.

Business-hours are dreadful. There can be no social life or interest in music, literature, politics, or science, when men are at their offices twelve hours a day. The shops were open, and masons and road-menders, &c., at work that Saturday evening, and afterwards we noticed that not only do Americans work all Saturday, but often on Sunday.

Sunday, 26th August, was desperately hot. We had a dinner worth recording.

Mock Turtle Soup
Fried Soft-shell Crabs.
Brandy Peaches. Stuffed Mangoes.
Boiled Capon, Cream Sauce.
Corn on Cob. Tomatoes.
Sweetbreads with Mushrooms.
Frog Legs à la Maître d'hôtel.
Punch Siberian.
Pies. Cakes. Ices. Coffee.

The crabs were nasty—the soft shells give one the impression they are out of season. Frog legs good.

Dinner over, we turned out to see what we could. After vainly endeavouring to extract any information from the hall porter, we got into a cable car for South Park, four miles out, and went as far as the car would take us, which was some way past the park. It looked very gay and pretty, with plenty of visitors; then, after coming back a little way, we changed to another car that went to Jackson's Park by the lake side, which is also very pretty and nicely kept, but both badly want good trees. It was a great rush and scramble to get seats in the homeward cars. We jumped on as the car was coming up to the park, and coming pretty fast, too, and kept our hold until some one got out, and then we managed to get room to perch for the return journey.

The cars carry as many as can find foot-hold. In the country where the road is clear, they go at great speed, up to fourteen miles an hour.

Next day I spent alone, roaming round the town and looking at the shops, which are poor and dear. Some moderately good peaches were marked 35 cents each, which did not seem to be cheaper than the English. In New York, too, they were dear. Perhaps the abundant and cheap peaches are found in the Eastern States. We paid only 5 cents each for large ones in San Francisco in October, but they had no flavour. American peaches are hard, and are cut into slices and eaten with cream for breakfast. I visited the school of art, where they have Mr. Boughton's "The Last Minstrel." In the meanwhile Edward had gone to Pulman Town, about three-quarters of an hour by tram. This is entirely the property of the Pulman Palace Car Company, who have laid it out nicely, with trees and open spaces, and is occupied by their 4000 workmen.

The only place where drink is sold is the bar of the hotel. On the whole Edward was rather disappointed. There was nothing new in the iron-working machinery. The wood-carving machinery was interesting, and the works for making the brown paper wheels, which are said to be a great success. They are made of layers of brown paper pasted together and compressed by hydraulic pressure, becoming so hard, that they can be turned up like wood to fit the steel tyre. The Pulman's cars are very handsomely upholstered in plush, and expensively decorated. Inlaid woods had gone out of fashion, and the new cars were being decorated with natural woods polished to show the grain. The company kindly sent Edward by special engine to the South

Chicago iron and steel works, where he saw four blast furnaces in operation smelting Lake Superior iron ore, which is very rich, containing 60 per cent. metallic iron. Each furnace produces 1300 tons a week. The steel works were stopped for want of work. Business is always slack at the presidential election, and of course this, which turns on the Free Trade question, is more disturbing than usual.

Protection does not always keep the wolf from the door. I was astonished to find from a local paper that there is great poverty even in this prosperous city. The articles in this paper were written by a lady who has taken employment in a number of trade establishments, just staying long enough in each to see how it is carried on, and she gives her experience. It is a pitiful tale, quite equal to "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." Here the misery of low wages is increased by the excessive cost of living. It seems extraordinary that there should be actual starvation here in the centre of the great corn-lands, and especially now, when the harvest is above the average. A gentleman told us he had been visiting in the country, and to show him how fine the corn is, his friend drove him in a two-horse waggon into a field, and standing up in the waggon, they could not look over the top of the corn. Corn, in America, I should mention, always means maize.

Edward's final excursion was to see the new tunnel under the lake to bring water to the city. There is one already, but the new one is to run four miles out, to make certain of getting pure water. A crib is to be

sunk, with a large wrought-iron cylinder, two miles out, to facilitate working. In the afternoon we moved on two and a half hours by train to Milwaukee, a very pretty, bright-looking, brand-new town on the edge of Lake Michigan, almost exclusively inhabited by Germans. It was curious to hear every one talking German and shouting, "Ach ja!" "Je wohl!" A large party were at the station to greet some returning friends, which they did with great enthusiasm. It is said the Germans keep very much to themselves in America, and, if strong enough, try to Germanize the public institutions, having in some places actually caused the public day-schools to teach in German. This makes the genuine Americans very angry.

The Plankington Hotel is poorly conducted and cheaply gaudy. We were disappointed, as Mr. Armour had spoken of it as very fine, being the property of his friend, the great Milwaukee millionaire, Plankington. There is a kind of tradition that a millionaire should always build a hotel. We started for Minneapolis next day at 11.15 a.m. There was no Pulman car on the day train, so we had a very fatiguing journey. It is not usual to have Pulman cars on what are called local trains. The ordinary cars are not uncomfortable, but they are very noisy. As soon as the train starts a man comes selling newspapers; he goes through all the cars, banging the doors after him, then he comes back and brings round a cargo of books, mostly pirated editions of "Robert Elsmere" and Rider Haggard's books. Then he goes round with apples and pears, then ba-

nanas, then dried figs. At each visit he requires your attention, and sometimes one gets cross at the perpetual interruptions.

There are always babies in ordinary or Pulman cars. Children do not have a good time in America. When a few weeks old their travels begin. They swarm in hotels, little dots of two or three years old taking meals at the table-d'hôte at seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and those of riper years, such as six, roam all over the hotels alone, playing with the elevator boys and the waiters. They look very delicate. On this occasion there were several babies in the car, and they all screamed. There was not much to see on the way; we seemed to go over endless swamps, past many lakes, and very poor-looking soil, mostly not cultivated or even used as grazing-land.

Nothing astonished me so much in America as the immense tracts of totally unoccupied land even so far east as this. Later on we met a gentleman who had a cattle ranche in Texas. He told us his cattle were driven up every year for sale to Miles City, Dakota, a town on this line of railway, the whole way on free land, feeding on the grass they pass over. He thought this would be the last year they could do it, as the land was being quickly taken up. At half-past three we reached Kilbourn, which is a pretty little place; and at half-past four, Camp Douglas, where there are some remarkable rocks standing out of the plain and curious round, flat-topped hills. A little before five o'clock we came to a tunnel, which is such a

curiosity in this flat region that a city has been named after it—Tunnel City. Just as we entered the tunnel an unlucky passenger opened the car door, admitting a blast of sulphur that almost poisoned us. A lady with a terrible cough was half killed. The single-line tunnels are very suffocating, being so narrow. We had tea at La Crosse, and after that ran along the bank of the Mississippi all the rest of the way. It was really lovely; the sunset glow on the broad river and the pretty banks, and the big steamers and rafts, were all delightful, but the mosquitoes, which swarmed into the cars, were not delightful. We must have taken them to the hotel, for they worried us all night. I slept with a veil on. We arrived at Minneapolis at 11.55 p.m., and got a cab for a dollar to the West Hotel. We had great difficulty in getting our luggage, as the station-master said it was too late for any one to bother about luggage.

West House is a first-rate hotel, very handsomely built by the millionaire West, and splendidly furnished in excellent taste. We were thankful to get to a comfortable room, with a bath, for we were grimy and dirty beyond description. Very bad coal is burnt on the railways here, very smoky, and with an unpleasant smell.

Thursday, August 30th.—Our first care was to go to the Northern Pacific agent, to make inquiries about the Yellowstone Park. We had had so much advice on the subject that we were quite at sea. It ended in our buying the forty-dollar round-trip tickets, which are certainly the most satisfactory arrangement. All trouble is taken off one's hands, and time and opportunity given

to see everything worth seeing. A lady and gentleman in the office told us they had just returned from the Park, and had had wet, cold weather. They advised us to take plenty of wraps and waterproofs, which we did, and found them dreadfully in the way, as we did not have a drop of rain.

Minneapolis is a charming town, with some very fine buildings. The cause of its prosperity is the water-power supplied by the once beautiful Falls of St. Anthony, which are now utilized for everything—the water carried off in little channels to mills and works without number. Edward presented his letters of introduction, and then we visited the celebrated Pilsbury and Company Mills. The Company present visitors with a card, on which is printed :—

"STARTLING FACTS.

"Fact No. 1.—Mill A is the eighth wonder of the world.

"Fact No. 2.—Mill A grinds 9,500,000 bushels of wheat yearly.

"Fact No. 3.—Mill A has a capacity of 7000 barrels daily.

"Fact No. 4.—Mill A makes more flour than any other two mills on the globe.

"Fact No. 5.—The mills of C. A. Pilsbury and Co. could feed two cities as large as New York."

It is supposed to be the largest flour-mill in existence, and has every new appliance. The flour goes through four hundred operations before it is ready for use. We

were shown all over the immense place, which is beautifully clean, but very hot. Every precaution has to be taken against fire. We got a splendid view of the town from the top. Then we went to some lumber works, which were very interesting. We saw the tree floating in the river, then drawn up a tram-line by chains, and put on to a wonderful machine that cut off the rough outside uneven layer, and passed it on to other machines, which made it into planks, planed them, cut them into lengths, and piled them in several heaps, according to length, in the yard. Then we went back to "the most magnificent hotel in the world" (see advertisement), looking in at the Exhibition on our way. It was very poor. Next morning we had a delightful excursion to Minnehaha Falls on the motor car; we had only seven minutes to run across the road and through a little wood to the Falls, and back to the car. They deserved a much longer visit, for it was a pretty spot, and the Falls are well named, they are such sparkling, laughing waters. We should be very proud of them in England, but in America people are accustomed to bigger things.

At 4.35 p.m. we started by the Northern Pacific Railroad for Livingstone Junction, for the Yellowstone Park. The country was very uninteresting at first, and, not having got accustomed to the sleeping-berths, the night was very disagreeable. I tried really going to bed, as most people do, but never repeated the experiment. I was always the earliest riser, as I thus secured the lavatory before the other ladies were up.

Saturday we spent mostly on the platform at the back of our car—a capital place for seeing the country, as the Pulman is always at the end of the train, unless there is a private car on. Of course it is very dusty, but that is of no consequence. We met an Englishman on his way to join his brother at his ranche in Wyoming, who had been over here several times before. He told us that a few years ago he and his brother were detained at Livingstone a few days, just as the boom in land was going on, as it was thought Livingstone would become a great centre. They bought land at the beginning of the week, and so rapid was the rise in price that they sold it at the end of the week at a profit sufficient to cover the expense of their whole trip. Livingstone did not succeed as expected, so land has gone down again. This seems to be the history of most western towns. It is quite a common question to ask about a place, if it has had a boom; it seems to be a kind of distemper to be got over in youth. Our friend also explained to us how the places get such wonderful names. A trapper he knew married and settled at a place on the line. His name was Gustav, and his wife's name Minnie, so he named the settlement after themselves, Mingusville. It is situated between Bismarck and Gladstone. At first the country was very uninteresting; then we got to the prairies, which were not covered with grass, but with sage-brush, a pale, silvery, olive-coloured plant with a delicious smell. I have some now sewn in muslin. An infusion of it is sometimes used in the place of quinine. At half-past one we reached the Bad Lands, which are

wonderful. Everything is burnt, and turned curious colours, bright red and yellow, &c. The rocks are the oddest shapes, and there are mounds of all sizes and fossil trees. There was hardly any vegetation, and what there was looked uncanny—such metallic greens and blues. It is said that in places there are coal-seams exposed to the air and burning perpetually. We were a long time passing through this desolate district, which made us reflect what a terrible journey it must have been for the early settlers, who had only bullock-waggons. After that the country again became monotonous and uninteresting, except for the wild sunflowers, which made a blaze of colour along the roadside. The train reached Livingstone in the night, and went on West, leaving our car on a siding. The station had been burnt down the night before our arrival, and the remains were still smouldering. We had to pick our way through them to the hotel for breakfast next morning.

We left by train at 8.15 for Cinnabar, through a very wild and pretty valley, passing the Devil's Slide on the way—a curious wall of stone in one block, fourteen feet across, running straight up the hill, with another wall parallel to it, not so strongly marked, and all the clay between washed away. At Cinnabar we took seats on the coach roof, and had a lovely drive up the valley of the Garrison River, a very steep pull, to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we arrived very tired, hungry, and dirty. It was very hot, so I declined further exertion that day, having plenty of letters to write; but Edward started for the Hot Springs after dinner, and

went past them to the Devil's Fireplace, a narrow hole extending far into the ground, and said to be very hot. A ladder is placed for the benefit of those who care to enter, but few fancy the descent. There he met two young fellows, who persuaded him to go on with them to a hot lake set apart for men to bathe, and had a delightful bath. The hotel here is very good and comfortable. It has a good view of the terraces of the hot springs and Liberty Cap, a large rock supposed to resemble in shape the cap on the dollar. I had a bath in the evening, and was alarmed by a terrible grasshopper kind of creature that had come direct from the springs through the pipes. Still, the lady at Santa Barbara whose ablutions were disturbed by a large tarantula, fared worse than I did.

Monday, September 3rd.—We started at eight o'clock in a charming little carriage and pair called a Surrey. A nice young fellow from Helena we had talked to the day before introduced us to our driver, a merry, chatty old gentleman, who showed us everything on the road, and drove very carefully. The road is generally very good, but occasionally there is a stream to drive through or a rocky bit, and sometimes the road goes dangerously near the rotten ground round the springs. Miss Bates describes both the Yellowstone and the Yosemite as dangerous and very fatiguing expeditions, but both have been wonderfully improved since she visited them. We met neither difficulty nor danger at either. The fourth occupant of our carriage was a gentleman from New York, who travelled with us from Minneapolis, and was

very quiet and pleasant. There must have been over thirty carriages of all kinds. Some large 'busses, others holding six or eight people, and a few like ours. It is prudent to settle on the day of arrival how one wishes to go round the Park, for there is no changing on the way, and disagreeable fellow-travellers would spoil all pleasure. The long procession kept together through the steep defile of the Golden Gate, so called because the rocks are covered with bright golden yellow moss. The gate itself is a pillar of rock on the precipice side of the road, which really is like a gate-post. After reaching level ground we scattered to avoid dust. The first point of interest is the Obsidian Cliffs, entirely composed of this volcanic glass which is quite black. There were a few boiling springs, but wonderland is not reached until lunch-time at Norris Geyser Hotel. After the meal we all walked on ahead of our carriages to the First Geyser Basin. There would be about sixty of us—no guides—the steam and smell and noise direct one where to go. Anything more uncanny, horrible and extraordinary than this dreadful place does not exist! Boiling springs sending up columns of steam, some clear, some black, some sulphur, close together. Some throbbing like great machines, and the water sinking out of sight, and then rushing up again with a terrible noise. One little geyser playing every two minutes, others at longer and irregular intervals. The most appalling is called the Hurricane. The water is shot out of the rock sideways with tremendous force and noise, not continuously or apparently regularly, but as if

some great struggle was going on inside. The ground is uncomfortably hot, and sounds quite hollow. It is white like lime, with bright-coloured spots, where there is iron or sulphur. There are dozens of springs, some only bubbling, some throwing spray or drops a foot high —all boiling. If there is a Mouth of Hell on earth, it is certainly here. Going on, we came to a mud geyser, which immediately started its performance for us. It always bubbles, and it seems to get excited, and in three places in the pool the mud dashes itself higher and higher and more and more violently up to about four or five feet high, raising the level of the whole basin, which is about fifteen feet diameter, about a foot. After some minutes it gradually quietens and subsides. A sad thing happened here last year. Some visitors had a pet dog with them, and somebody having thrown a stone into the boiling mud, the poor little thing thought it was meant for him, and jumped in. He sank out of sight instantly. We went on to the Steam Valve and another large basin, but neither did more than bubble, so we went into the wood, where we found a magnificent geyser that had killed the trees round it, and covered them with incrustation. To our delight it began to work, and was soon throwing up water to the height of fifty or sixty feet; quite a great stream was made by the overflow. It performed twice. The Minute Geyser refused to do anything for us. I put my finger into a hot spring at leisure, but I took it out in haste. It was scalding. All over the park at every turn, amongst the trees, at the top of the hills, at the side of icy cold rivers,

everywhere are boiling springs—mostly mineral water, but unfortunately so full of alkali that they cannot be used for medical purposes. In about an hour the carriages picked us up, and we drove on.

The Beryl spring is a lovely light blue semicircular pool standing about three feet above the road like an ornamental marble basin. The spring builds this basin itself by depositing the lime contained in the water. We passed Beaver Lake, so called because beavers abound there, and have built a dam zigzag across the lake. Their houses look like piles of sticks. It is forbidden to kill anything in the park, so it is hoped by-and-by there will be plenty of the wild animals there which are being rapidly exterminated outside. We only saw beavers, a snake, wild ducks, little birds, a few butterflies, and large dragon-flies, and traces of elk. Some of the other party saw a bear, which are pretty common, and are said to come down to the hotels at night to eat the refuse thrown out for the pigs.

We passed some very pretty lakes and rivulets, all full of curious colours, and near the hotel we forded the rapid Fire Hole River. It was the third time we had forded a river in our forty miles' drive to Lower Geyser Basin. We were seven and a quarter hours on the way, arriving shortly after five o'clock. A very decent hotel, like a Swiss chalet with tiny rooms, quite clean. We visited the Gibbon Falls on our way, and had a difficult scramble down the steep hill-side without much reward, as there was hardly any water. We met numbers of camping parties. Sheep-farmers and people of that kind in the

neighbouring country bring all their families and numbers of servants, in waggons and on horseback, and live in tents on canned food. Unfortunately they cover the park with rubbish—it is littered with cans, which of course last for years. As a whole the park is ugly; there must be nine dead trees to one green one.

Tuesday, September 4th.—Drove off at seven o'clock, and followed the Fire Hole River for some time. First we saw the Paint Pots. Like everything else, this has been over-described. It is very curious to see the mud bubbling up, but it is not brilliantly coloured. It is very fine, and generally white, tinted in places with pink and blue. There is a tiny little spring close by that clucks like a hen. The noises of some of the boiling springs make one's flesh creep. As one bends over them, and looks down into the bottomless depths, groans and wailings seem to rise from them as if prisoners in torment. The next great sight was the Excelsior Geyser, which kept us waiting two hours, not only in a blazing sun, but in clouds of steam from the Prismatic Lake and the Turquoise Lake, both lovely and of marvellous colouring, but disagreeable to be near, because of the sulphur-smelling steam, which damps one's clothes and one's spirits. The Excelsior Geyser itself is in a lake with rocky sides about fifty feet high when it is quiescent. When at work the whole surface of the lake rises considerably. At last the performance began, and we all stood on the brink and watched the water begin to bubble in different places, then the centre became more and more agitated and the Geyser rose, first quite

small, then higher and larger, until we had to fly from the torrent of water and stones that were thrown hundreds of feet high and yards over the edge. One gentleman was badly hit by a stone. It was an absurd sight to see us all flying, after having chosen our positions so carefully to get the best possible view. This piece of the park which contains the Excelsior Geyser, the lakes, and several boiling springs, is a desolate region, all brimstone and alkali, and so horrible to look at that it is called "Hell's Half Acre." A soldier of the garrison was loitering by the Prismatic Lake when we first arrived, and he puzzled us by telling us it was the "Spasmodic" Lake. We did not know what it might do. A little further on we found the Grotto, Giant, and other geysers, all silent except for steam, and then the Devil's Punch Bowl, a curious hill which the spring has built around itself. The ground is so rotten for some distance that we could not drive near it, and even had to pick our way carefully on foot. This rotten ground is the only danger of the park. Since our visit a carriage was overturned by the ground giving way under two wheels, and was rescued with difficulty. Happily the visitors had got out to look at something. It is said that people have been badly burnt, and even killed by falling through the rotten edges of the springs and geysers, which are never protected, but these casualties are not put in the papers.

The most beautiful object in the park is the Castle Geyser. The formation is really like an old castle. Almost every geyser builds up some kind of house for

itself with the deposit from the waters, and this is called the formation. Often the shapes are very remarkable, as the Grotto, which has almost roofed itself in. The Castle performs very irregularly. It was very lively all the time we were within sight, rising to about forty feet, but it did not go off properly until after we had left. Those who stayed all night at the Upper Geyser Basin Hotel saw it rise to the height of 150 feet, and said it was glorious.

We arrived at the Upper Geyser Basin Hotel after fourteen miles' drive, and had lunch, after which I went with others to visit the neighbourhood, which is the headquarters of the geysers, but Edward was so unwell, he preferred to sit on the veranda and watch Old Faithful, which is close by, and goes off every sixty-five minutes, and is as fine as any. It is a very serious drawback to the Yellowstone Park that the air, or steam, or something, seeks out everybody's weak point and attacks it. Edward felt his rheumatism, as did many others, those with weakness of the heart were quite ill, weak throats and chests suffered. There were very few of us free from pain. About a dozen of us got a soldier who happened to be loitering near, to act as guide. There is a garrison in the park, to prevent visitors shooting wild animals, or defacing the scenery, or carrying off specimens, or annoying the geysers by throwing in stones or soap to make them work. It is extraordinary that soap cut into thin pieces and thrown into a geyser will cause it to perform. I met people who had done it; but, unfortunately, after we had left the park, otherwise

I might have got a new testimonial to the efficacy of "Pears." We saw the Lion play, and afterwards the Lioness and the Cubs, a large geyser with four little ones round it. We admired the formation of the Sponge, so like a sponge that one is astonished to find it hard to the touch ; the Beach, just like a bit of sea-shore, and many others much alike, some silent, some extinct, one born only three months ago, and one a year old. The Bee-hive, and several others well known by name, have not gone off for years. Our guide told us he had been on the spot over a year, and had watched the geysers carefully. He said none except Old Faithful worked at regular intervals, as they were said to do formerly, but his opinion was that they never had done so. Some would remain quiet for months and then break out again and perform daily or several times a day. We saw the Minute Man Geyser, not large, but a very pretty one, which really did go off every minute, and a quite new geyser which has this peculiarity :—all the water thrown up falls back into the basin, and recedes into the depths again, none escapes. The Beauty Spring is a large pool, very transparent, and full of lovely colours. The beauty of the large springs consists in the colouring. They are supposed to be bottomless. The centre is dark blue, and has a weird, unfathomable look, the sides are formation deposited by the spring, and shine light blue, green and white through the clear water, bubbles rise continually like messages from below, and, bending over, one hears strange noises. Altogether, the horrible desolation, the dead trees, the glaring white

ground, the steam, the sulphur smells, the choking white dust, the uncanny noises, and the geysers going off all around in the most startling fashion, make a scene to be remembered with interest, but never with a wish to revisit it. All is marvellous, but desperately ugly and disagreeable. It corresponds in America to the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

We drove back to Lower Geyser Basin that night by a shorter route, and had the luck to come upon the Grotto Geyser in full play. After dinner, my diary was a source of great uneasiness to an American lady. She felt sure I was saying disagreeable things about Americans, which was certainly not the case, as my only entry about them was my amusement at the perpetual question, as I stood admiring something, "Now, have you anything like this in Europe?" (invariably pronounced "Your 'ope.") In the Yellowstone Park, I could conscientiously answer that we had not. Jonathan is rather touchy. I was speaking of a very pretty girl we had met riding through the park. I remarked, she reminded me of an English girl, because she was so sunburnt. A stranger from the other end of the table called out he "begged to inform me there were pretty girls in America." I explained I thought the American girls took better care of their complexions, and so peace was restored. There were no other Britishers in the park except a young Englishman, settled in Helena, and a Welsh parson, also settled in America, and who was actually tramping through the park without any money in his pocket and living on the charity of the

drivers, or any one who might hear of his case. I believe he slept in the stables. We met very few English travellers during the whole of our journey. Our room this time was in the dependance, close by a hot spring. It was funny to trot downstairs and fill one's pitcher, like Rebecca, every time we wanted a little hot water. We had to be careful in the dark, as there was no railing round the basin.

Wednesday, September 5th.—By returning to the Lower Geyser Hotel, instead of sleeping at the Upper Geyser Hotel, as many did, we saved ten miles in this day's journey, only leaving thirty-two miles to the Cañon. We started soon after seven o'clock, and, except that the road was extremely bad, there was nothing remarkable before lunch. We had then reached a dreary spot, miles from any habitation, and found there two tents and a delightful Irishman, who lives here with one assistant through the season to provide lunch. He gave us an excellent meal of hard-boiled eggs, pie, potted turkey, ham, tongue, tea, coffee, &c., and was so chatty and merry we enjoyed our stay there very much. He intimated that he had been one of Mr. Forster's victims, but I think it was his joke, he did not look outrageous. Soon after leaving here we reached Mary's Lake, the highest part of the park. It is merely a collection of rain-water with two outlets. Then we had to take a great round, owing to the rotten ground, to get to the Sulphur Mountains, hills entirely composed of sulphur, and at the foot a large yellow spring bubbling violently. It was very curious and ugly. At

one point we were within seven miles of the Yellowstone Lake; occasionally people go there from the Cañon, and have some fishing, which is poor, as the lake is overstocked and the trout are unhealthy and unfit for food.

We arrived at the Grand Cañon Hotel about three o'clock, meeting on the way the landlady, head waiter and two maid-servants riding for pleasure on the ponies which should have taken visitors up the Cañon. We luckily preferred walking, as it is only three and a half miles to Inspiration Point, the end of the path. It was the very best time of the day to see the Cañon as the afternoon sun shone straight down it, bringing out the beautiful colours in the cliffs, red, yellow, brown, and occasionally blue, with a lovely green river dashing down the middle, sometimes over rocks with white, angry waves, and occasional pools of darker green. The path which runs along the top of the cliff is quite easy, but there are points jutting out into the Cañon from which the finest views can be obtained, which are rather dizzy climbs. Look-Out Point is easy and the view from that magnificent. The Cañon is glorious, very deep, and with rocks curiously shaped into pinnacles, turrets, even animals, and wonderfully coloured. The Falls are grand, but the Cañon is even more lovely than the Falls, and it is utterly unlike anything in the Old World.

We looked down into two eagles' nests. An eaglet in one was raging and scolding a strange bird that was taking a mean advantage of the old birds' absence to

steal the baby's food. In the wood that skirts the Cañon we saw numbers of chipmunks, or ground squirrels, so tame and so inquisitive that they come within a yard of one's feet, and gaze most intelligently at the stranger. Inspiration Point is extremely fine. We were three and a quarter hours in the Cañon that afternoon. Next morning we got up early and went to Look-Out Point to see the morning sun shine down the Cañon from the other end, but we preferred the evening sun. We also went down a steep path to the platform on the edge of the Lower Falls, whence one looks straight down over the Fall, which is 350 feet high and has an immense volume of water. The Upper Falls are smaller, but also very pretty. The hotel is a rough wooden building, very cold, badly managed, and uncomfortable. Food uneatable. Some people go back from here over Mount Washburn on horseback, a very fatiguing ride. Opinions were divided as to whether the views did or did not repay one for the trouble. It is also a considerable addition to the expense. Our journey was entirely covered by the forty-dollar tickets—hotel accommodation, carriages, and all. We thought it very cheap.

At ten o'clock we started for the last day's drive in the Park by a new road direct to Norris Geyser Hotel, passing the beautiful Virginia Falls. The river does not fall, but runs over a steep bank of rock sloping very rapidly from a great height, at a point where the hills draw close and make a narrow gorge with curious rocks. We found a large party at Norris Springs

Hotel, the Press Association of Dakota, eighty of them, with their wives and sisters; a very lively set. One of them addressed himself to us, and finished by presenting us with "his card," which turned out to be a tract. Our driver turned up his nose with disgust. "Why," said he, "he's a sky pilot." A queer old fellow, our driver, X. Beadler! He is lame from a gunshot wound in the thigh, received years ago in the rough old times when he was a miner and used to act as guard to the bullion waggons. The road robbers were so bad then that fights were constantly occurring. It is his boast that he never gave up his gold, he always "shot first," and had thus killed many men. At last a vigilance committee was organized to put down the robbers and he was made captain. After many days hunting for the suspicious characters, they arrested over one hundred men, gave them a fair trial, and hung twenty-two. This settled matters so far as the public was concerned but Beadler had many fights afterwards with the friends of the men hung. The State is going to give him five thousand dollars. Last year the proposal to do so was lost by one vote; but this year, it is said, he is certain to get it. He was a delightful driver, and should be secured at once by any English visitor. Some of the old robber race still remain, for only last year the Northern Pacific train was stopped and looted by four men, who failed to break into the strong bullion safe but "held up" the passengers. "Holding up" signifies the American brigands' custom of making the victims hold up both arms to show that they have no weapons, while their pockets are picked. They are

placed in a line and one robber covers them with his revolver while the others secure the plunder.

From Norris we drove back to the Mammoth Hot Springs the way we came, stopping to obtain some specimens at the Obsidian Cliffs. We arrived about a quarter to five, before the rest of the party, and so secured a good room, and then went off to the hot springs as I wanted to see them before changing my dusty garments. We climbed from one basin to another, admiring the extraordinary formations and the colours, from pure white to dark chocolate, green, pink, and yellow. One place looked just like a shop-window with silks puffed out for exhibition, of every shade, from cream to dark brown. In the basins are lovely fringes and tracery of formation, sometimes like sea-weed—in another place like large fans. I picked a bit of formation out of the hot basin, and, to my surprise found a living tiny worm on it. The water was too hot to keep one's hand in a moment. We could hardly tear ourselves away, and only gave ourselves time to rush back for dinner. Next day we rested, read and wrote letters, and said farewell to our fellow-travellers, who all left in the morning. It was this morning that we were amused to see an American child about five years old come into the coffee-room, seat herself at a table, summon the waiter, and order her breakfast, which she had all alone.

Very few new arrivals came, as the season is nearly over. Last year there were four inches of snow on the 1st of September.

Saturday, September 8th.—We started, in the com-

pany of the Dakota editors, for Livingstone, where we lost our friends, who had special carriages into which they kindly invited us, but we were only going to Helena. We were kept waiting so long at Cinnabar, apparently to please the conductor, that we had no time, as promised, for tea at Livingstone. Punctuality is not the soul of business on American railways. We were not to arrive at Helena until 1.45 a.m., so settled ourselves to sleep, but about midnight a poor little mite of three years old, who had been dragged all through the park and was utterly worn out, suddenly found expression for her misery in a series of shrieks and wild sobbing. After vainly endeavouring to soothe her with apples and iced water, the father carried her off to the smoking-room. Fancy an English child consuming apples and iced water at midnight! But I think the oddest meal I ever saw living being partake of, was the evening repast of a boy of ten or so on the Hudson River steamer. He ate a Vanilla cream ice with bread-and-butter! We passed through a tunnel lined only a small part of the way with wood. It goes through some coal seams, and it was very pretty to see the coal sparkle as our lights passed it. The Cosmopolitan Hotel at Helena is rather rough. We had a good room, pervaded by a strong chemical smell from a shop on the ground floor. On the whole we were comfortable, but the food was bad.

Helena is a wonderfully pretty place, not in itself, but from its position. The glow of the sun on the red plains, the sand clouds, and the blue mountains in the back-

ground, reminded us of Mr. Goodall's Eastern Pictures. There is a Chinese quarter, principally gambling-houses, which is the great Chinese vice. They live principally by market-gardening.

We got a beautiful view of the town, which is on the slopes of some hills, with the plain in front of it and the distant mountains, from the Reservoir Hill, where, too, we met a Scotchwoman, happily married and settled, but rather home-sick. Still, she liked Helena better than San Francisco, she said, where she had formerly lived, and where she had seen several murders in the streets. I never heard a good word spoken for San Francisco by any one who had lived there, even Californians dislike it, and go east as soon as they have made money.

Monday, September 12th.—We started in a "Surrey" and pair for Marysville and the Drumlummon Mine, three and a quarter hours' drive up hill, through very pretty scenery. Both the Northern Pacific and the Montana Central have a line to Marysville, and run each one train a day each way, though there is nothing but the mine at Marysville, another mine starting somewhere a few miles further up the hills, and some wretched cottages on the way. Mr. Bayliss, the English manager of the mine, and his pretty wife received us very kindly. It is great satisfaction to have such a specimen of English beauty in Helena, which is rather noted for pretty women. It was also very pleasant to hear once more the English language, as she is spoke at home. The Americans in the West are very difficult to understand,

all the vowels are pronounced "aw," and the consonants are rather slurred over.

The celebrated Drumlummon Mine is in the side of a hill. After putting on rubber boots and mackintoshes we walked to the entrance, where we were seated on a car and pulled along some way on a level to where there were many men working, far away inside the hill; there were cuttings both above and below. We descended two hundred feet and saw more rock-drilling. Part of the mine was closed, to put in a large engine for hoisting up the quartz, and to sink the shaft deeper, to one thousand feet. After lunch, such a treat after table-d'hôte meals, we went through the mills to see the quartz crushed. It first goes into a machine like the Marsden stone-breaker, from which it falls into stamps, where it is pounded small, and then is washed through wires and over large plates covered with quicksilver which picks up most of the gold and silver and every three hours is removed and the precious metals separated from it by heat and made into bars on the premises.

The impoverished ore is then washed over "concentrators," machines with endless sheets of india-rubber running in an opposite direction to the flow of water. The heavier particles of ore cling to the india-rubber, while the sand is carried away by the water. This gives a mixture of metals, which is sent to California to be smelted. All the machinery was American. The English cannot make mining machines to compete with Americans, owing to their want of experience. The Drum-

lummon Mine is principally a gold mine—60 per cent. gold to 40 per cent. silver.

After a cup of tea with Mrs. Bayliss, we started at four o'clock, and arrived in Helena at 6.40. Our driver was very chatty; he told us thirty years ago he was so far gone in consumption that the doctors said he could not live a month. He came off at once to Helena, to try the mountain air as his last chance, and he had become quite strong, though he still had a nasty cough, and had married and lived as if in ordinary health, except that he could not do indoor work. He was quite well even in their desperate winter weather, with thirty and forty degrees of frost. Helena, he told us, was a friendly, sociable, little place, nobody at all proud, not even the sixteen millionaires who are the boast of the town. Everything is very dear, and wages very high. A bricklayer gets seven dollars a day; Mr. Bayliss has to pay his black cook forty dollars a month, and he told us the man who pulled us on the tram-car got about 250*l.* a year in our money. Lately a newly-arrived clergyman thought it was only right to get up a fund for the relief of the poor and the congregation took up the idea heartily, collected 1600 dollars, formed a Committee, and then could not meet with any one who would receive the money. The hero of Helena is Mr. Kruse who discovered the Drumlummon Mine. This is his history as told to me, and it is the history of hundreds of men, except for his extraordinary good luck. He starts off with a pony, a sack of flour, a piece of bacon and a pick, and for months he prospects for

gold. Nobody will trust him with half a dollar, for he is a low drunken fellow. One day he sticks his pick in the ground and props himself on it, to eat his bacon, gets up to go away and notices that his pick has knocked up some gold quartz. He sticks up a mark to show that he has been there, goes off, registers his claim, and sells a quarter of his find for 2,000,000 dollars, builds a fine house and marries the prettiest girl in Helena, and the whole country round attends his wedding feast.

Tuesday, September 11th.—Left Helena at 9.15 a.m. We passed through the Rockies by the Mullen Tunnel. After this we constantly saw Chinese working on the line as plate-layers, &c. It seems that the North Pacific Railway are having disturbances about employing Chinese cheap labour, and the white men are calling on the state authorities to forbid it. In Pierce County the farmers are in need of Chinese labour to take the place of the Indians, who generally come in swarms at the hop-picking season, but from some unknown cause have not come this year. White labourers could not be procured in sufficient number, but the State will not allow the Chinese to come, and the magnificent hop crop will be lost.

The railroad goes through an Indian reservation, the Flatheads, and from the train we saw many fishing or standing by their wigwams. Once when the train had stopped, an Indian galloped past, first on the line and then up the steep rocky bank, without slackening pace, like a cat. He seemed to have a very loose seat, but they are said to be perfect horsemen. As the scenery was very fine we sat on the platform at the back of the

carriage all day. The run along the Clark's Fork of the Columbia River is exceedingly beautiful, much finer than any river I know. Very high cliffs, often covered with golden moss and many sharp curves, the broad beautiful river sometimes widening into lakes and sometimes crushed into narrow gorges. At Heron we had to change carriages to get into the Tacoma sleeping-car. There was a great crowd and a rush but we circumvented the Yankees and secured two lower berths.

Wednesday, September 12th.—Was not a happy day. A baby screamed for eleven hours without ceasing. Then we had no dinner, for at Ellensburgh a large Republican convention arrived, carrying brooms with which they meant to, and afterwards did, "make a clean sweep," and they devoured everything on the dining-car. We were alarmed when first we saw them and we made at once for the cook and asked him if there would be enough. He first inquired were they Republicans or Democrats, for, he said, the Republicans eat most, but the Democrats drink most. We got nothing until supper-time except a handful of broken biscuits, crackers they call them. It would have been quite easy for the cook to procure more food from the large stations we passed but that it is not the way in America.

They are a patient people, and put up with the worst train service ever heard of, something like the Scotch service on August 10th and 11th.

Trains are almost invariably behind time, hours being wasted at roadside stations without apparent cause, or trains sometimes creeping on over level ground at the rate

of six or eight miles an hour. The pace from Pasco Junction to Yakima was not equal to that of an ordinary tram-car and unfortunately there was no scenery. We passed some nice bits later in the day when crossing the Rockies. We saw the beginning and the end of the old Switchback Railway that goes over the top of the mountain, used before the tunnel was constructed, now only used if the tunnel is blocked, as it is very steep and dangerous. As soon as we reached the western slopes the country became beautifully green, with hop-grounds and forests of fine trees. Here we first saw the forest fires, which spoil the scenery very much, not only by destroying and blackening the timber, but by the smoke, which has the effect of a fog. Many are lighted by sparks from the engines or by fires left burning by squatters and spread by the wind, but many are started by natural causes, it is said by the dry boughs rubbing against each other. We arrived at last at Tacoma, where there is an excellent hotel.

The town of Tacoma is very prettily situated on Puget Sound, with the lovely snow-topped Mount Tacoma standing solitary in the background. This district is misty, and often people stay a week at Tacoma without discovering the mountain, but we luckily had the pleasure of his company most of the time we were there. It is a baby town, not yet on any map, but has already some good shops and pleasant dwellings. The small wooden houses are running up like mushrooms. The new comer orders a house as he would a coat, and it is ready by the end of the week.

The steamer from Tacoma to Vancouver started at 3 p.m., and stopped all night at Seattle, another baby town, which is the most prosperous of all, as coal and iron have been found in the vicinity. The English Moss Bay Iron Company is starting large works there, and the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railway will soon be finished, and will connect the town with the North Pacific Railroad. There is a large hotel, the Occidental, where we got an excellent dinner, after roaming through the streets and admiring the prosperous, busy, go-ahead little place.[1] We slept in our cabin, because the boat started about 4.30 a.m., and amused ourselves for an hour by throwing things into the water to see the phosphorus. Next day we had a very disagreeable, foggy journey, and arrived two hours late at Vancouver, so that we could get no dinner, only tea and cold food, although Vancouver Hotel is one of the best in America. It was only by chance that we got our luggage, as I happened to be sitting on my box when the man came to take it on shore, and I asked if it were going to be examined by the Customs' officers on board. He told me all baggage was to be taken into custody until Monday. I explained that we had nothing with us except our boxes, no grips, so the officer very kindly examined ours at once. Next day, Sunday, was foggy and disagreeable, but we were satisfied to rest, as we had secured a cosy sitting-room. There we met an English clergyman who had just returned from the Alaska Expedition and was much

[1] The whole town was burnt down a few months after our visit.

delighted with it. His accounts of the scenery were most tempting, but it proved too late for us to go, as it is very cold up there.

Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is the rival of Tacoma, the terminus on Puget Sound of the North Pacific Railroad. Tacoma has the advantage of a second great route, the Shasta, to San Francisco, and has a richer district at the back of it, besides being equal to Vancouver as a port. Certainly Tacoma seemed more prosperous, as houses there could not be run up fast enough, while in Vancouver there were numbers to let. Formerly this little village was called Fort Moody, a better name than Vancouver, which is a source of trouble and mistakes, owing to its being the name of the important island close by. We were told that Lady Burdett Coutts had presented a peal of bells to Vancouver. I forget which she meant them for, but the wrong place had got them, and meant keeping them. There were shoals of Chinese and many shops of their curios. We were making a few purchases, when we were astonished at hearing our name, and there was actually a former constituent settled in Vancouver, and prosperous.

We went to see the s.s. *Batavia*, just arrived from China with emigrants for the States. They were packed like herrings and were a horrid-looking lot.

People give them a bad name up here, but afterwards I heard them well spoken of. I fancy they are very badly treated. Sometimes, we were told, the Chinese get obstreperous on the voyage. Then they are bat-

tened down and the steam hose turned on. They pay fifty dollars each for their wretched accommodation. I tried hard to buy a joss direct from an emigrant. Of course there are plenty in the shops, but I thought if I could get a true joss direct from a believer, it would bring me luck, and I wanted one of the funny ones which fold up into lockets, and are hung round the neck, but nobody would part with one.

We had a splendid drive in the park, which is simply a piece of primeval forest, with good roads cut through it. The trees are enormous, and moss grows on the lower branches like wool on sheep. There were very few living things; a few rooks and chipunmaks, some gigantic slugs and a frog were all we saw, but bears and deer are plentiful inland. At one point we had to walk through a narrow path amongst the big ferns which cover the ground, to see the biggest tree of all, which is more than thirty feet round the trunk and immensely tall. The shell beach is another of the great features of the park. It is a large piece of ground near the water, which is formed yards deep of nothing but shells. Immense trees, most of them seventy feet high, and some probably more, are growing on this great shell bed. It is used to mend the roads like gravel, numbers of carts were taking it away for that purpose.

The drive round the park is ten miles long, with lovely views on to English Bay, the Narrows, and Burrard's Inlet. The mountains on the other side of the water, opposite Vancouver, with the white Mission village on the shore, are very pretty. As we approached

the town we saw a boatful of Indians bring some deer they had shot to sell for a dollar a piece. I regret to say that a few hours afterwards we saw them helplessly drunk. It is strictly forbidden under heavy penalties to sell spirits to the Indians, but they get them somehow.

Tuesday, September 8th.—We started for Banff, 648 miles east, at 12.45 p.m. When past Wharnock we got a magnificent view of Mount Baker, a lofty, snow-covered mountain, standing alone, like Mount Tacoma. It is sixty miles off, on U.S. territory. The scenery was pretty from the first, but the grand part began at Yale, and from there to Banff, so far as we could see, there was not a mile where the scenery was not extraordinarily beautiful. The line crosses four ranges of mountains, the Cascade, the Gold, the Selkirks, and the Rockies. It is always night, unfortunately, when the Gold range is crossed. All the way, except at a few large stations, there is hardly a trace of human habitation except the people working on the line and here and there a small timber place and, very rarely, a squatter's miserable hut and bit of clearing, and a few Indians. It must have been a very difficult road to make, and is a great triumph of engineering. We, on the last carriage, often saw the engines and front carriages on the curves in front of us—once we saw the two engines and seven carriages ahead of us. The Fraser Cañon begins at Yale, the scenery of which is described as "ferocious." It is very wild and grand, but I think the Thompson Cañon, which we passed after bed-time, is still more terrible. Perhaps the moonlight increased

the effect. We had a good supper at the little hotel at North Bend. Next morning I was up at five o'clock, and got a glimpse of the reddest sunrise I ever saw. The heavens seemed to be on fire. Unfortunately, just then the train was running due east. Breakfast was on a dining-car and was very good. There cannot be anything finer in the world than the run this day, with such diversity of scenery, all wild. Lovely lakes, glorious snow mountains, grand rocks, wild streams dashing in perpetual rapids and many whirlpools to join immense rivers, and forests wherever trees can find foothold. The gorge of the Illecilliwaat is very narrow, and about ten minutes past Albert Cañon station the train stops to allow passengers to go into a balcony and look down three hundred feet to the river. Then comes the steepest rise, where a big eight-wheeled coupled engine pushes the train, and we had great excitement over the breaking of the iron pin fastening the bar and coupling it to our carriage. A young engineer had been explaining to us all that this arrangement was most dangerous, and when the broken pin went whizzing past his head, he was wild with delight at the confirmation of his opinion. After passing through miles of snow-sheds and much zigzagging, on account of the steep ascent, we reached Glacier, where we dined, and where we would willingly have spent a week, so beautiful is it, surrounded by snow mountains with glaciers in every direction. The highest peak is named after our kind friend "Sir Donald" (Smith); it is a rocky tooth far away in the sky. The road rises some way after Glacier and then

descends rapidly. We came soon to one of the most beautiful views I ever saw. The mountain-side is very steep, as are all the surrounding mountains, and covered with pine-trees, and we looked down from the train, almost a bird's-eye view, into a magnificent valley full of bright green pines and firs and yellow cotton-wood trees and the Beaver river meandering quietly through it. The whole valley was filled with a slight haze of smoke from forest fires, of which there were plenty of small ones near the line, but later on we came to the enormous fire which caused the smoke. It seemed to cover many acres of forest. After dark we passed many fires, but none so large as this. The rain that fell while we were at Vancouver had extinguished many of them. They brought that perpetually recurring ten shillings for chips at home to my mind. After passing through the narrow gorge bridged in one place by a fallen tree, down which the Beaver river runs to join the Columbia, we ran a long way on the level, having the Selkirks on one side and the Rockies on the other, and then we ascended the Rockies to Field, where we supped. After that, all was dark until we reached Banff at 11.30 p.m.

Banff is 4500 feet above sea-level, and there is a good hotel, for which all supplies have to be brought from Winnipeg. There were only twenty-five guests on account of the lateness of the season, as snow may come any day. In July and August there are sometimes 120 visitors in the hotel, besides numbers living in tents and wooden huts, and no doubt, when this delicious place is better known, it will become the

Switzerland of America. The first afternoon and the morning of the second day were rainy, but not bad enough to prevent our visiting the pretty bits close to the hotel, i.e. the Falls of the Bow river and the Pontoon bridge. The mountains which surround the valley were glorious with fresh snow. Some are very lofty, some are bare rocks, some wooded a long way up, and the autumn tints were very fine, especially the brilliant yellow cotton-wood trees. The Canadian National Park occupies the whole valley, which is in shape something like a star-fish, with the hotel in the centre. It is far more beautiful than the American Yellowstone Park, and is much recommended as a health resort on account of the pure bracing air. It is quite out of the mining district, so there were no specimens about, and no miners with their amusing tales of their successes and disappointments.

One of the most interesting tales was told us by a Scotchman on the Seattle boat. He was a railway man by trade, but whenever he had made a little money he had set off to the gold district to "prospect." Sometimes he had done well, but once he found a very rich vein and sank a shaft and found it grew richer as he got lower, so he spent on it all he had and all he could borrow. The fame of it spread, and many wanted to share his venture and offered good prices for the half or the quarter, but nothing would induce him to part with the smallest fraction. This time he thought he would become a colossal millionaire. Suddenly, to his horror, the vein ceased. It ran straight into the earth in the

form of a V and he had just hit the centre of it, so, besides losing all he had saved, he had to work for months to repay what he had borrowed.

Another amusing mine story was of one that promised well but turned out badly, so the owners put up large engines, and arranged somehow to cart and train regularly to a certain point a large quantity of rich ore, which was reported in the newspapers, and then secretly carried back to the mine. Then the owners went to New York and sold the mine to a company for two millions.

Saturday, September 22nd.—We took a carriage for the whole day and drove first to the Devil's Head Lake, nine miles off, getting back to lunch. Happily the day was magnificent and the rain had put out the forest fires, so that the views were quite clear. It was a very pretty drive up a valley due east to the lake, which runs thirteen miles, but unfortunately turns a corner, so one only sees the beginning of it. It is all shades of blue and green, according to depth, light, and shadow, and sparkles like diamonds in the sunshine. The colouring of the trees and rocks, and the peculiar red tinge of the turf make a wonderful picture. The Devil's Head is a rock on a mountain close by. We could not see any likeness to a head at all. On our return, we stopped to look at a shop said to be kept by a man from South Kensington Museum, but I am sure Professor Flower would faint if he saw those atrociously stuffed birds and beasts. There was a live beaver in a box outside, baking in the sun, which seemed very unhappy.

After lunch we drove in the opposite direction to a sulphur spring, high up on the mountain-side, where there is a small hotel with baths. The view from it is very fine down a valley opposite: another ray of the star-fish. Then downhill again to the Grotto, a hot spring in what looks like the cone of an extinct geyser. It is reached through a long underground corridor, the platform being over the stream that carries away the water from the spring, and at the end is a place to bathe from, though how any one can enter such a gloomy pool, only lighted by a hole in the far-away roof, I cannot imagine. From there we went to the station to inquire about the freight train that was to take us back to Field next day, so that we might get the scenery by daylight, and that settled, we went down the valley past the Bow Falls and past a mountain whence an immense mass of rock fell about six weeks ago at 11 p.m., frightening everybody by the terrible noise. This is a very pretty valley, and Mr. Van Horne and other gentlemen connected with the Canadian Pacific Railroad have selected very choice lots down by the river to build. They can only get leases of the land, because it is national property.

Sunday, September 23rd.—We started by freight train for Field at 12.30 p.m. The guard was exceedingly kind and gave us the view seats in the tower of his van and pointed things out to us. When we looked for him and his man at Field with a view to tips they were nowhere to be found. It was a marvellous journey; such cliffs and precipices, and such gradients. A second

engine of great size and power held us back on the descent, besides a break on every carriage, and the guard admitted that if once the train got its head there would be nothing for it but to jump off. Everywhere on the Canadian Pacific Railway the greatest care is taken, and every possible precaution and safeguard are used, and constant vigilance. I counted fifty roadmen at work between Field and Donald, a distance of fifty miles. The hotel at Field is small and rather earwiggy, but very fair. Unfortunately, there is nothing to do, as there is no walk to take, unless one goes up or down the line, or up the side of the cliff. We were desperately hungry, because the sandwiches we brought from the Banff Hotel were made of such coarse salt bacon we could not eat them, but we had to wait until long past seven o'clock for dinner because the cook was out for a walk. The east-bound train rushed in, supped, and disappeared in the darkness, making one feel very lonely. There was only one other guest—a Mr. De Wolff, who is running a mine in Mt. Stephen, 1200 feet above the railway, in connection with smelting works at Vancouver. His idea is that in course of time many mines will be started in this district, and all the smelting will be done in Vancouver.

Next day we joined the west-bound express at 9.10 a.m., and spent the day on the platform at the end of the train enjoying the glorious scenery. Dined at Glacier, and supped on the dining-car. We were fortunate in getting two comfortable lower berths, but we rose early to see the Thompson Cañon, which we had

passed by starlight on our way up. To our disgust the morning proved foggy, so we did not see all of it, but what we did see was very wild. The train crawls along a shelf cut in the steep mountain side, hundreds of feet above the mad, whirling, dashing river. Much of the line between Banff and the flat district near the sea is made on such steep slopes of drift, or clay, or sand, that the greatest, unceasing precaution is necessary to get along safely. Men go over the line just ahead of every train to see that all is right, no slip occurred, and nothing fallen from above, and at times the train only goes about five miles an hour. Luckily this is generally when the scenery is finest. All day it was fine. The Fraser river was our constant companion nearly all the way. First a torrent dashing through narrow gorges amongst lofty mountains, it finally widens into a broad river. In the wild part there were terrible rapids and whirlpools, where the water appeared to be twelve to twenty feet higher at the sides than in the troughs. The Indians manage to get about between the many dangers in their little boats, salmon fishing. The Fraser river is full of salmon, which the Indians catch and dry on little platforms in the sun or with fire under. We saw some of them in a little canoe going through a very dangerous bit of river to a rock in the middle, where they had a salmon net. Canning salmon is a great industry all along the coast, as the rivers are full of them. We once saw a whole train-load go off east. Sometimes an Indian catches a dog-salmon, a fine-looking fish, but unfit for food. If he thinks he will not be found out, he

cans it, to the disappointment of some poor creatures far away. We never got any salmon equal to British or Irish salmon—the flavour is inferior. Mount Baker was at its best again, as the day was so fine, and we had a delightful journey back to Vancouver. This Canadian Pacific Railroad trip is worth all the trouble of coming to America. We could spend a month at Banff, there is so much to do and see for which we had not time, and from many of the other stations interesting trips can be made by boat on the Columbia River, or into the neighbouring valleys, besides unlimited opportunities for mountain climbing.

Wednesday, September 26th.—We rested and enjoyed the comforts of the hotel and visited a timber-mill where very large logs are cut. The largest we saw cut was forty-two inches by twenty-five inches, but they have been made there twenty-four inches square by one hundred and eighteen feet long. These long balks are for the Chinese market. The cutting is done by two circular saws five feet in diameter, one above and a little in advance of the other, working together. They can thus cut logs up to four feet six inches in diameter. Most of the machinery was old-fashioned. The finest thing there was an Indian workman, a magnificent fellow, tall, strong, and graceful as a panther. His face was very peculiar, a long hooked nose and straight wide mouth, with a strong line each side. He would make a perfect Mephistopheles, and would not need to go on tiptoes when he wanted to be impressive. He was wonderfully solemn generally, but in

the pauses of the work he turned to make quite Mephistophelian gestures to his friends, and then his face became all grin. I watched him a long time. He was the finest Indian I ever saw. Generally they are short and ugly, the women very coarse.

Thursday, September 27th.—The park we visited the previous week was formally opened by the mayor. Forty carriages of all kinds went in procession, all decked out with flags, of which, I regret to say, there were as many American as British. We left Vancouver by the 2 30 boat for Victoria. As we waited for the Canadian Pacific Railway express to come in, we saw a train-load of sand very rapidly emptied on to the pier by a sand plough. The wooden piles of the pier are constantly destroyed under water by a worm called the torrido, which makes a hole, at first no larger than a darning needle, but as the worm grows, so the hole enlarges to the size of a man's finger—many remedies were tried to destroy the worm, but nothing succeeded except creosote, which is too expensive, so now the piles are being surrounded by sand. We had a delightful passage to Victoria. To our astonishment Mt. Baker reappeared when we had got some way from land, and we passed through a school of whales spouting and leaping occasionally out of the water. Puget Sound is full of large islands, very like the Thousand Islands, but on a grander scale. When evening came on, after a fine sunset glow, the stars shone out in thousands. It is curious that often there is very little colour at sunset in the west, but a splendid glow in the east.

We arrived at Victoria at nine o'clock. The electric lights were visible long before we arrived, and by them we were able to notice what a roundabout entrance there is to the harbour. We walked to the Driard Hotel, of which we had heard much, but were disappointed, as the cooking is very inferior. The rooms were good. Victoria is a pretty place, with a nice park and a Chinese quarter, where we managed to do a little shopping by signs. We also bought at an English shop some Indian carvings in black stone. It is a kind of slate and is only found on the Hydahs Indian reservation. In Vancouver Island we saw very funny-looking Indians.

The great excursion is to Esquimaux, the British naval station and headquarters of the Pacific fleet. It is quite at the mercy of any enemy who might take a fancy to it. There were plenty of old-fashioned muzzle-loading guns and even two six-inch breech-loading guns, but none of them were mounted and the carriages were safely put away in the stores. There is a large graving-dock and a small machine-shop for repairs, built by the Canadian Government. We drove back by the Gorge, a pretty bit, where an arm of the sea winds up like a river. A kingfisher was in possession of the place. At night we got on board the s.s. *T. J. Potter* and slept in our cabin, as she sailed at 4 a.m. The Custom officer awoke us at six o'clock, but passed our luggage without examination, so I think he might have let us sleep. At eight o'clock we stopped at Port Townsend, another baby town, very prosperous, placed at the extreme end of the peninsula that

separates Puget Sound from the sea, on American territory. The whole peninsula is one dense forest, which has been bought up by a large company in San Francisco, greatly to the annóyance of local folk. It seems no single person or firm may legally take up from the State more than a certain quantity of land, but this company gets people to claim and take up, and then buys from them, and is powerful and clever enough to hold its own. Here we saw a horrid creature, a great octopus, clinging to a pile of the landing-stage. We thought there was another further back under the platform, and there were also some enormous white sea anemones or fungi, some feet below the water, so that we could not see them clearly. Port Townsend expects to be eventually the great port of this district; it is nearest the ocean, and all boats going to Vancouver and Tacoma must pass it, but at present it has no railway nearer than Tacoma.

At Seattle we changed from the *Potter*, which remained there until 3.30, to the *Hasselo*, a ricketty old boat with a large stern paddle-wheel, which started at once. We wanted to catch the night-train for Portland and had to pick up some of our goods at the Tacoma Hotel, but when we arrived we were told the train was four hours late, so we decided to stay all night at the hotel. Next day we learnt a train had been sent off at the usual time with the local traffic. That is always the way in America, it is impossible to obtain information. We should have been glad to take the night-train, because the run to Portland is very

ugly and flat. The railway company is reclaiming a piece of shore at Tacoma by putting out a pier, and filling in the space between pier and shore by washing down the hill-side into it with a powerful stream of water through a hose-pipe. This interested us, because it was the system employed formerly in hydraulic gold-mining, now forbidden, on account of the damage caused by the débris, which covered the lower country and ruined the agriculture.

After a weary journey, nothing interesting, not even the ferry across the Columbia River, with slight rain all day and much mist, we arrived at Portland at 2.30 p.m. We had been told over and over again that it was very late in the season for fine weather in this district, that if rain once set in it would probably go on for months, so, as it had set in and looked as if it meant continuing, and as, moreover, we learnt that the Northern Pacific train had been delayed two days on account of a burnt bridge, and we should have our train to ourselves, we decided to go on at once and miss the Columbia River. Portland looked very doleful as we drove to the hotel for letters, quite in vain, and the cabman made us pay an extravagant fare. Portland seems to be a declining city, killed by its new rivals on Puget Sound. Perhaps sunshine would have altered its appearance, but it looked quite mouldy and forgotten, the streets empty and forlorn.

We had a very comfortable journey to San Francisco in the almost empty car. Teas and breakfasts on car, and dinner at Sissons. There was an interesting negro

in charge of the car, who wanted, as so many do, to come to England, where they think they will escape the contempt shown for their race by Americans. This man was born in the Bahamas, and had been in charge of some lower department in a place of business or warehouse in New York. One young fellow after another had come under him, learnt from him, and been passed over his head. At last he went to the "Boss," and asked him if he were not to be advanced. "Impossible," said the master, "except porter, there is nothing else open to you because of your colour." So he left, but found it the same everywhere. I did not know what to say to him, there are so few negroes in England that they are looked upon as curiosities, and there are plenty of our own people to do the work. He gave a terrible account of their condition in California. He said they could expect no justice against a white man; no Court would decide in favour of a coloured man whatever the case might be. A white conductor went further than this. He said all justice was sold. A rich man might do anything he liked, from murder downwards, with impunity. This opinion we heard again and again from Californians, and indeed pretty well all over the States. As far as I could judge from their own accounts, Mr. Bryce's book is simply a pretty picture of what things ought to be; but in fact there is but one judge and one law, the almighty dollar. My black friend meant to go back to the Bahamas when he had saved a little money. There, he said, a man was a man whatever his colour, and respected

according to his conduct; everything was open to all, and coloured men might be soldiers or policemen, or anything they were fit for. We often found men in America who looked forward to returning to Australia as a happier country than the United States. It is a great trouble to genuine Americans that recent comers do not amalgamate with them and become one people. The Irish are of course the worst, for they are not only most interested in Irish affairs, but they use their political power as American citizens to forward their plans and intrigues in the old country; but the Germans also remain Germans, and congregate together and keep up home associations and their attachment to the Fatherland, and the English, too, are said to keep themselves together, and never forget the land of their birth.

The journey from Portland to San Francisco occupied a night, a day and a night. There is very pretty scenery. Mount Shasta, a glorious snow-covered giant, was visible all the morning, but, unfortunately, was clouded over when we were at Sissons, which lies just at its foot. There is a long and difficult rise to Sissons, 3555 feet above sea-level. Often we could see the line doubling on its track four and five times. A young fellow got out at a station on the hill-side, and went straight up to a station some way above, arriving as soon as the train, but quite exhausted. The descent is more gradual and is through a great grazing country, partitioned into immense estates, and covered with fine horses and cattle. Then the train gets into the Sacramento Valley, which might have been made for

its accommodation, and follows it until dark, passing some curious rocks looking as if giants had commenced to build there, something, I suppose, like the pillars of Staffa, and a delicious cascade, that falls over banks of moss under drooping trees—a fairy spot. It was at Red Bluff, on this line, that I met the first beggar I had seen in America.

Tuesday, October 2nd.—We reached San Francisco at nine o'clock, an hour late, on a foggy morning, and were disgusted with the difficulties of the arrival. We had to get out of the train at Oakland Pier, and wait until all the luggage was transferred, before getting into the immense ferry-boat, which took us across in half an hour to San Francisco. Here we landed on a tumble-down, dirty platform, and went through shabby wooden buildings amongst a crowd of screaming, hustling hotel-touters, who knocked us down and trampled upon us and tore us to pieces. Of course we had checked all our baggage (25 cents each), and, avoiding the hotel 'bus (25 cents each), took the cable car (5 cents each) to the door of the Palace Hotel. This is, on the whole, a good hotel, though the service in the restaurant is very bad, and I should think the drainage doubtful. Perhaps we should have done better if we had taken our meals in the table-d'hôte room. Here we tasted terrapin. It was like minced mutton with an innumerable quantity of small bones. Squab, we found, is only American for pigeon, and Californian champagne is very bad for the price, but so were all the Californian wines, Zinfandeln, &c., we got at the hotel; but it is

said some of them, when got from the wine-merchants, are really quite good. The principal thing to do in San Francisco is to loaf about China-town, visit the Joss-house, a dark room up a very steep staircase over a chemist's, with some huge idols and some finely carved and coloured shrines with candles burning before them, Roman Catholic fashion; and make desperate attempts to see the views from different points. Our experience was that, however fine the morning, as soon as we came within a quarter of an hour of any point we were making for, a great sea-fog rolled in and swallowed up everything. We managed to see the sea-lions, an inferior kind of seal without fur, which dwell in multitudes on a rock opposite the dirty Cliff House Restaurant, and we heard them bark. They make a great noise. From there, too, we first caught a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, not much, on account of the fog. We had miles of cable car, and "dummy engine" train, on this round. The country is all sand dunes, and this road goes past great tracts of cemeteries. The Freemasons have their own, the Odd Fellows theirs, anything to distinguish one man from his brother worm. Friendly societies are more thought of here than with us. Men wear little brooches to show that they belong to certain societies—even the President of the American Institution of Mechanical Engineers wore a little brooch to make people aware of the fact. The variety of these badges is endless, some gentlemen wearing several at once. We visited the United States Mint where we saw nothing new, but we learnt something new about

our old neighbours in Swansea. The official guide, in his speech to a large party of visitors, after describing how as much as possible was got out of the ores here, continued, "The refuse metal is then sent on to Swansea, where labour is at 5 cents a day!"

Colonel Taylor took us to the Fire Station to see the twelve o'clock drill. At the electric signal the horses rush to their places in front of the car, the men come sliding down poles instead of down the staircase, and all is ready in two and a half seconds. I was disappointed with the business. The firemen did not even take their places on the car, nothing was done at all except harness the horses. The harness is hung over the car and when the horses take their places it drops on to them, leaving nothing to be done except to buckle the belly strap and clinch the collar clasp. Then, too, it was not a fire engine at all, it was only a salvage car. These things are all over-described. Edward being much interested in the cable cars, we visited several of the stations to see the engines at work and how the whole thing was done. There is nothing pleasanter to travel by, or quicker, or safer when they have a fair chance; but I must say when we were in a car that dashed like lightning down an incline much too steep for horse cars and saw other cable cars tearing along towards us at right angles along cross streets, so that the slightest mistake on the part of either driver would dash the two cars into each other, I felt less charmed with them. The longest cable is 36,000 feet, the steepest incline 1 in 5½, the price 5 cents everywhere. This 5 cent piece is the

lowest coin in circulation in California; coppers can only be used to buy postage stamps.

Colonel Grey, formerly chief engineer to the Northern Pacific Railway, took Edward to see the Union Iron Works, a large shipbuilding yard with a hydraulic graving-dock. They were building two fast cruisers for the U.S. Government to go nineteen and a half knots an hour, and carry two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns. No armour plating except a protected deck over the machinery.

It was during our stay in San Francisco that Mr. Cleveland finally decided on the exclusion of the Chinese, to the great delight of everybody except the Chinese themselves, on whom it fell so unexpectedly that two thousand were said to be even then on their way to San Francisco, many of them having resided there before, but all were to be refused admittance.

Travellers are told that Chinatown is full of bad characters, and that it is not safe to go there after dark without police escort, but this seems to be only a means of extorting money. Nothing does ever happen to the inquisitive tourist. Most of those who employ the Chinese speak well of them. On the railways it is found necessary to put them in gangs under Chinese heads, as they quarrel with white overlookers, but they work steadily and never strike. That is probably their great fault in the eyes of the American workman. They make good private servants, too. Colonel Grey told us he had had a Chinese butler in his service thirteen years, with complete charge of the wine and the

silver. Twice the man had been summoned home by his mother ; the first time, because she thought it time for him to take a wife, and the second time, because she thought it only right he should come to visit his wife and see his child—each time he was away six months. It seems grandmother first and then mother rule in Chinese families. Another less pleasing anecdote told us as true, was of a Chinese servant who, after fourteen years' satisfactory service in one family, went into a violent passion over nothing particular, pulled out his knife, and killed three people.

"Johnny," as he is called, looks very good-tempered and cheerful. Still I sympathize with the Americans in wanting to get rid of them. So far there has been free trade in labour and nothing else, and the land is being filled with strange races. We were told that the horrible low Poles, Russians, &c., who swarm into London and our manufacturing towns, fill all the works in the big Eastern States manufacturing centres, and take very low wages, so that the natives are forced to go West. Still, I cannot think how California will get on without the Chinese, for now they do all the work, make the railroads and keep them in order, do the washing and the cooking, and most of the field-labour.

With the assistance of a gentleman in business in San Francisco, Edward made a calculation as to the relative comfort and prosperity of the labouring classes in England and California, taking into consideration on one hand the high wages paid, and on the other the extravagant prices of the necessaries of life. The result was, that

while a single man can live as well and save more money in California than he can in England, a married man with a family will be rather worse off. Rents are so high that many working men live in boarding-houses. Clerks, railway conductors, and people of that class rarely have houses of their own, because American women dislike housework. The woman, who in England would put her pride in her comfortable home, and would herself work to keep it clean and tidy, and prepare her husband's meals with loving hands, is in America a fine lady with fashionable hat and stylish costume, and would not for a moment think of putting her hand to brush or kettle, it would seem to her a degradation, so they live at hotels or in boarding-houses with great expense and little comfort.

The election excitement was very great all the time of our visit, and occasionally small processions in curious fancy uniforms with bands of music would look in at the hotel and give us a tune. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to these processions as they passed along the streets, there was no tail of cheering politicians. There is quite a different feeling about these things in America to what there is in England. The procession is not a popular demonstration—it is an advertisement.

We never got to see the whole of the Golden Gate Park. We reached the band stand one Sunday afternoon, and found hundreds of carriages and a number of pedestrians listening to the music. Close by is a pleasing monument to the composer of the "Star-spangled Banner," the American National Air. The fog came pouring up from the ocean before we had

been there ten minutes, so we fled. The same afternoon we took a car up a steep street and then got into a bit of waste ground on the top of a hill, from where we had a magnificent view of the Bay and the Golden Gate. The sun was setting gloriously, but still streams of fog were pouring across the Park, happily missing the town for once. We walked back down California Street and Nob Hill, sometimes called Snob Hill, and saw the large houses of the millionaires, each with two entrances, one for use and the other as an excuse for an immense flight of steps. Our excursion to the Presidio, the military reservation, was as unlucky as that to the Golden Gate Park. We got some pretty views on the way, and admired the trim officers' quarters, but as soon as we started to walk to the particular view we had come for, the fog calmly rolled over the hill, and covered it up. The shops in San Francisco were very good, finer than any others we saw, but most to be admired was the extraordinary number of cake shops. People go to them for meals, just taking tea, coffee or chocolate, and cake. We tried them once or twice for afternoon tea; but that is not their object, they are for poor people to make a solid meal. In one shop the man told us they cut up fifty cakes a day.

We left San Francisco in the evening, and arrived at Raymond, the end of the railway towards the Yosemite Valley, at 7 a.m., Tuesday, the 9th October, after a miserably cold night in the Pulman car. We had a wretched breakfast at the tiny hotel there, but, after that, all was well with us. We had secured the box seats on the coach for the whole journey,

there and back. The drive to the White Soda Springs was pretty, winding through a forest. Here we got an excellent lunch, well cooked and pleasantly served by the landlord and his family. To my astonishment, I saw in the visitors' book that one of our party complained that he could not get enough to eat! No doubt I have been as unjust in some of my criticisms. After leaving the White Soda Springs the scenery became very grand as we rose higher and higher on the mountain side. Occasionally there were glimpses of distant hills away towards the sea, but the valley and the opposite hills were sufficient of themselves to make the drive delightful. The finest distant view was from the top of a steep hill, at a place feelingly named by some pedestrian "Perspiration Point." The immense trees, oaks, cedars, and pines of different kinds, with the golden green moss on their trunks, and the bushes of all colours, with the variations of light and shadow on the ground as the sun shone through the trees, and the cloudless blue sky, were a good preparation for the grander beauties of the valley. We had a very pleasant, good-looking driver, Tommy Gordon, very careful at the dangerous corners. The roads are rough, so that we were pretty well shaken and tired. Poor hotel at Wawona.

Wednesday, October 10th.—We got up at five o'clock, according to orders, but could get no breakfast until 6.40. We started about seven. Our new driver, Uriah Toby, was a big, handsome, solemn fellow, a very fine whip. We dashed down the steep hills and round the

sharp corners at a splendid pace. I do not suppose we went any slower because of my delight in his prowess. His skill was wonderful. I spent the day with one eye on his driving, and one on the scenery. He must come of a Yorkshire stock. Certainly he was the best specimen of the wild Westerners we met with during our journey. At first the road was much the same as on the previous day, except that the trees were finer, and the pine that bears enormous cones, up to sixteen and eighteen inches long, grows in this forest. Quail abounded larger than ours, also ground and grey squirrels, blue jays, and woodpeckers busy knocking holes in the trees and storing up acorns, sometimes killing the trees by the extent to which they honeycomb them. Fresh deer-tracks were on the road, and we were told rattlesnake were common. Indeed, Tommy Gordon's hat was decorated with the rattle of one he had killed on the roadside with his whip. After driving thirteen miles, and admiring the extensive view from Look-Out Point across the Merced Valley, and over row after row of hills towards the coast, we changed horses, then had two more miles up-hill, and then four miles' rapid descent to Inspiration Point, whence the first view of the Yosemite Valley is obtained, a view never to be forgotten. The beautiful photographs and enthusiastic descriptions can give but a very poor idea of its wonderful grandeur. The next point is called Artists' Point, because it is better for sketching. After a delightful rush down the hillside, and a long drive on the level, we reached the Stoneman House Hotel, quite good, at

the end of the valley. We were much tired and shaken, for the road is rough, being torn up by the constant traffic during the dry season. Toby missed every stone and hole he could in a wonderful way, and he brought the coach down the hills and round the corners with admirable skill. Most of the way the road skirts precipices, like a Swiss road. The weather had been very hot ever since we left Raymond, and continued so until we reached Raymond again. So unfortunately, the celebrated waterfalls, the Virgin's Tears and the Yosemite Falls, were absolutely dry, and the Bridal Veil had very little water. This is passed on the right soon after reaching the valley; then the glorious rock of El Capitan, a straight wall three thousand three hundred feet high, perhaps the most beautiful object in the valley, is passed on the left; the Cathedral Rock, the Cathedral Spires, the Sentinel Rock and Dome on the right, and the Three Brothers on the left. The Royal Arches, Washington Column, North Dome, Half Dome, and Glacier Point are well seen from the hotel. Unfortunately, the dust was so deep, walking was out of the question. We made a desperate attempt to reach Mirror Lake on foot, but had to give it up. The journey from Raymond to Clarkes, or Wawona, is forty miles, with four teams of four horses; from Clarkes to the Stoneman Hotel is twenty-six miles, with two teams of four horses. The drivers have only Monday off. Six days in the week they drive these great distances, every yard of the road being such as to require the utmost care. It is wonderful there are not more accidents. The Govern-

ment of the United States made a present of the Yosemite Valley to the Californian Government, who hold it as a place of recreation for the people for ever. They make the roads, which are fairly broad, and good as the nature of the country allows. There were some curious bits of work. In several places the road was hemmed in too closely by immense trees, so, instead of cutting one down, the exact distance required had been measured on the trunk, and a slice taken off high enough to allow the wheels to pass. In other places, big dead trees having fallen across the road, the obstacle had been sawn across at both sides of the road, and only the middle piece removed. The Government have built the Stoneman Hotel, which is much larger than any of the old ones.

Thursday, October 11th.—A blazing day. We started at nine o'clock on a buckboard to see what we could. First to the Mirror Lake, now almost dried up and muddy, but pretty from its situation. In the side of the great walls of rock near the lake is a profile, said by the Indians to be one of their ancient heroes, with a name many syllables long, looking for his lost bride, Tis-saack, to return and bring joy and happiness to his wigwam. It is difficult to feel sentimental about Indian love affairs. No doubt Tis-saack ran away because she was tired of carrying his tent and baggage after him on foot while he rode on ahead. She would also have to do all the hard work, pitching the tent, cooking, getting in firewood, &c., while the devoted husband smoked, fished, or hunted. Let us hope she found an easier situation.

From the lake we went down the valley, past El Capitan, and up the hill (on the opposite side of the valley to Inspiration Point), on the Milton Road, getting some lovely views down the Merced Cañon, where there used to be a road to Madera, now deserted, because three roads into the valley did not pay. From the Milton road we saw the road we came by, and the zig-zag from Inspiration Point into the valley. On the Milton side the road is suddenly blocked by a magnificent rock, standing out alone on the hill-side, and has to make many doubles to get high enough to pass it. So rich in beauty is the valley that this rock has not been thought worthy of a name, though it would make the fortune of a Scotch valley. It was the same with some curious rock pillars. The road was very steep and rough, so that on reaching the top we were glad to rest in the shade of some gigantic pine-trees and eat our lunch. As the yellow flowers in my hat had faded to dirty white and looked very shabby, it suddenly occurred to me to take them out, and trim my hat with the beautiful golden moss, which I did with complete success, and gained many compliments from fellow-travellers. I brought that moss home, and it is golden now. On our return to the valley we followed the river, and, leaving the carriage, struggled through the brushwood to get to the pools to see the lovely reflection of El Capitan. About a third of the way up this bare rock a solitary pine-tree has managed to plant itself and grow about one hundred feet. It is very difficult to distinguish it amongst the many lines on the rock, of cracks

and inequalities. Our driver had arranged for us to arrive at the Bridal Veil at the proper moment to see the rainbow. To-day it was 3.40. The sun must be at a particular point of its descent to catch the fall, and then it turns it into one immense rainbow. As we saw it, even with so little water, it was very beautiful. We reached the hotel about 4.30, after a delightful day, to find it literally empty—not a creature there, except one Chinaman in the kitchen. At last Edward induced him to make us some tea, but as he said he had nothing to do with the cream, Edward had to go into the cellar and take what he wanted himself.

This night we were the only guests in the hotel, the Boston family who came with us having gone to Glacier Point. The Boston gentleman is a wholesale boot and shoe manufacturer, and employs a large number of Irish, who give him a great deal of trouble with strikes and disputes. His daughter told me how frightened they often were, for the men would wait outside her father's office and would form two lines for him to walk through while they swore at and threatened him. Even men who had been with him twenty years, and received much help and kindness from him, would join the rest. Another traveller was a German gentleman, representative of a soft woollen goods firm, who was making an extended tour, combining business and pleasure. He had been in every West Indian island, all through South America and Mexico, and was now going through the States. These German superior commercial travellers are everywhere, seeking whom they may

devour. We had that day an opportunity of testing the American boast of the high wages they pay. On our drive we met a cart with five horses, bringing freight for the Stage Company, so we inquired what pay the driver got. He said he owned cart and horses; he came fifty miles, and was paid three cents per pound; he carried 3500 pounds up and down these dreadful roads, so would receive 105 dollars. Out of this he had to pay twelve dollars for tolls, one dollar for the keep of each horse per day, and his own food, two meals at fifty cents each, altogether forty-two dollars for the journey, so that he would only have sixty-three dollars in hand to cover his own wages, and five days' work and wear and tear of his five horses and cart. Poor pay in a country where the lowest coin is five cents!

Friday, October 12th.—Another blazing day. We started at eight o'clock for a long day's work. We drove to the stables, close to the old hotels, and then mounted ponies for the ascent to Glacier Point. It is a wonderful trail, quite safe and easy, but rather giddy, as at several turns the pony's head is over one precipice and his tail over another, and often, by stretching out an arm, we could have dropped pebbles straight down, hundreds of feet, into the valley. The beauty of it surpasses, I think, anything in Switzerland. For some time we crept up under the Sentinel Point, which towered far above us, but by-and-by we reached his level, and from Glacier Point looked down upon him. Half-way to the point there is a turn in the zigzag, from which the traveller can see both ways, up and down the valley.